

MCDUGALL'S SCHOOL SERIES

IN KINGS' GARDENS.

JAMES STRACHAN, M.A.

PREFACE.

The great writers whose works you will taste in this book belong to many different periods of our glorious literature, and except the greatest of all—Shakespeare, whose works are for all time and all nations—each of them speaks, as it were, in the accents of his own time, and shows some peculiarity which does not belong to the writers of other times.

Some wrote before our islands were united under one king, and when there was no English-speaking land outside of Europe. Others belong to the present day when there is a world-wide British Empire, and when outside of it there is the great English-speaking republic of the United States. Some speak with terrible earnestness about great things, others lightly and brightly about things that are amusing but not otherwise important. Some write in the grand manner and use polished and splendid language; others write freely and simply.

But whatever their subject or their style they are all well worth listening to; and the readers of this book will do well if they seek to know more of them by going to their works and selecting for themselves.

IN KINGS' GARDENS



M^c DOUGALL'S
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EDINBURGH
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We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body ; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly ; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us.

RUSKIN.

Read not to contradict nor confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

BACON.

CONTENTS.

(Asterisks denote pieces in verse.)

	PAGE
A LIVELY NIGHT	Mark Twain
1. The Mouse	9
2. Preparing to Go Out	13
3. Lost in the Bedroom	15
THE DUEL	Sheridan 20
MAKING UP A QUARREL	Dickens 24
MISS JENKYN'S AND CAPTAIN BROWN	Mrs. Gaskell
1. A Literary Difference	29
2. Captain Brown's Death	33
*THE NORMAN BARON	Longfellow 39
THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA	Robertson
1. Despondency	43
2. A Last Chance	49
3. Success	51
4. The New World	53
*O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN	Walt Whitman 56
AN INTERVIEW WITH A COCK-SPARROW	Grant Allen 58
AN ENGLISHMAN AND AN INDIAN PRINCESS	Bancroft 63
*A DAY THAT IS DEAD	Tennyson 70
THE CAT BY THE FIRE	Leigh Hunt
1. Unfavourable Criticisms	72
2. Cat Characteristics	76
AN ESCAPE FROM OMDURMAN	A. E. W. Mason
1. The Coming of Abou Fatma	81
2. The First Night of Freedom	84
3. Hasting and Waiting	89
4. Safe at Last	93
A DREAM	De Quincey 96
*SUNDERED FRIENDSHIP	Coleridge 98
A STRANGE LODGING	Dickens
1. An Unexpected Friend	99
2. In a Foundry	103
3. Next Morning	108
*CRAVEN	Sir Henry Newbolt 111
THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR	Southey
1. The Beginning of the Battle	113
2. The Heat of the Fight	118
3. The Death of Nelson	122
*TWO SONNETS ON NAPOLEON	Wordsworth
1. 1801	128
2. Buonaparte	Tennyson 129
BRUSSELS IN WATERLOO WEEK	Thackeray
1. News of Battle	130
2. The Sound of the Guns	136
A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND	Thackeray 140
*THE BURDEN OF GREATNESS	Shakespeare 144
TWO GLIMPSSES OF DR. JOHNSON	Boswell
1. Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield	147
2. Persuading Dr. Johnson	151

	PAGE
BOSWELL'S JOHNSON	Alexander Smith 156
*JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER	Tennyson 159
THE BOYHOOD OF FREDERICK THE GREAT	Macaulay 162
THE PASSING OF ARTHUR	Malory 167
*THE PASSING OF ARTHUR	Tennyson 173
1. King Arthur's Last Command 176
2. The Casting away of the Sword 178
3. King Arthur's Farewell
HYDER ALI AND THE CARNATIC	Macaulay 181
1. Macaulay's Account	Burke 183
2. Burke's Speech	Ruskin 187
THE BEAUTY OF GRASS	Popc's Homer 192
*ULYSSES' FAREWELL TO THE CYCLOPS	Froude 195
ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN DAYS 198
1. The Glory of Hospitality 202
2. The Guilds and their Work
3. The Passing of the Old Order
OLIVER CROMWELL	Clarendon 204
1. An Unfavourable Character of Cromwell	Milton 208
*2. To the Lord General Cromwell	Carlyle 209
3. A Favourable Character of Cromwell	Browning 211
*THE PATRIOT	Kinglake 213
A DESERT JOURNEY 217
1. The Start 218
2. The First Day 221
3. The Daily March 224
4. The Nightly Halt 227
5. A Meeting in the Desert 231
6. Imaginary Sights and Sounds
7. The End of the Journey
*THREE MILTON SONNETS 234
1. On His being arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three	Milton 234
2. On His Blindness	Milton 235
3. Milton	Wordsworth 236
THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR	Macaulay 242
AN EARLY MORNING ADVENTURE	E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross 245
1. Deserting the Yacht 249
2. A Hospitable Reception 252
3. The Cockatoo's Assault
4. The Fate of the Cockatoo
THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS	Knolles 254
*A PETITION FOR JUSTICE	Matthew Arnold 260
DOGBERRY AND THE WATCH	Shakespeare 266
1. Setting the Watch 271
2. Making a Report 273
3. An Examination 277
4. Villainy Unmasked
WEALTH	Emerson 280
WHERE GOLD IS DESPISED	More, translated by Robinson 282
MEMORY GEMS 287



A Lively Night.

[The following is from *A Tramp Abroad*, by the great American humorist, SAMUEL CLEMENS (1835-1910), who used the pen-name MARK TWAIN. He wrote also *The Innocents Abroad*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, etc.]

1. The Mouse.

When we got back to the hotel I wound and set the pedometer and put it in my pocket, for I was to carry it next day and keep record of the miles we made.

We were in bed by ten, for we wanted to be up and away on our tramp homeward with the dawn. I hung fire, but Harris went to sleep at once. I hate a man who goes to sleep at once; there is a sort of indefinable something about it which is not exactly an insult, and yet is an insolence; and one which is hard to bear, too. I lay there fretting over this injury, and trying to go to sleep; but the harder I tried the wider awake I grew. I got to feeling very lonely in the dark, with

no company but an undigested dinner. My mind got a start by-and-by, and began to consider the beginning of every subject which has ever been thought of; but it never went further than the beginning; it was touch and go; it fled from topic to topic with a frantic speed. At the end of an hour my head was in a perfect whirl, and I was dead tired, fagged out.

The fatigue was so great that presently it began to make some head against the nervous excitement; while imagining myself wide awake, I would really doze into momentary unconsciousnesses, and come suddenly out of them with a physical jerk which nearly wrenched my joints apart—the delusion of the instant being that I was tumbling backwards over a precipice. After I had fallen over eight or nine precipices and thus found out that one half of my brain had been asleep eight or nine times without the wide-awake, hard-working other half suspecting it, the periodical unconsciousnesses began to extend their spell gradually over more of my brain-territory, and at last I sank into a drowse which grew deeper and deeper and was doubtless just on the very point of becoming a solid, blessed, dreamless stupor, when—what was that?

My dulled faculties dragged themselves partly back to life, and took a receptive attitude. Now out of an immense, a limitless distance, came a something which grew and grew, and approached, and presently was recognisable as a sound—it had rather seemed to be a feeling before. This sound was a mile away, now—perhaps it was the murmur of a storm; and now it was nearer—not a quarter of a mile away; was it the

muffled rasping and grinding of distant machinery? No, it came still nearer; was it the measured tramp of a marching troop? But it came nearer still, and still nearer—and at last it was right in the room: it was merely a mouse gnawing the woodwork. So I had held my breath all that time for such a trifle.



THROWING SOMETHING.

Well, what was done could not be helped; I would go to sleep at once and make up the lost time. That was a thoughtless thought. Without intending it—hardly knowing it—I fell to listening intently to that sound, and even unconsciously counting the strokes of the mouse's nutmeg-grater. Presently I was deriving exquisite suffering from the employment, yet maybe

A Lively Night

I could have endured it if the mouse had attended steadily to his work; but he did not do that; he stopped every now and then, and I suffered more while waiting and listening for him to begin again than I did while he was gnawing. At first I was mentally offering a reward of five,—six,—seven,—ten dollars for that mouse; but towards the last I was offering rewards which were entirely beyond my means. I close-reefed my ears,—that is to say, I bent the flaps of them down, and furled them into five or six folds, and pressed them against the hearing-orifice,—but it did no good: the faculty was so sharpened by nervous excitement that it was become a microphone, and could hear through the overlays without trouble.

My anger grew to a frenzy. I finally did what all persons before me have done, clear back to Adam—resolved to throw something. I reached down and got my walking-shoes, then sat up in bed and listened, in order exactly to locate the noise. But I couldn't do it; it was as unlocatable as a cricket's noise; and where one thinks that that is, is always the very place where it isn't. So I presently hurled a shoe at random, and with a vicious vigour. It struck the wall over Harris's head and fell down on him; I had not imagined I could throw so far. It woke Harris, and I was glad of it until I found he was not angry; then I was sorry. He soon went to sleep again, which pleased me; but straightway the mouse began again, which roused my temper once more. I did not want to wake Harris a second time, but the gnawing continued until I was compelled to

throw the other shoe. This time I broke a mirror—there were two in the room—I got the largest one of course. Harris woke again, but did not complain, and I was sorrier than ever. I resolved that I would suffer all possible torture before I would disturb him a third time.

A Lively Night.

2. Preparing to Go Out.

The mouse eventually retired, and by-and-by I was sinking to sleep, when a clock began to strike; I counted till it was done, and was about to drowse again when another clock began; I counted, then the two great Rathhaus¹ clock angels began to send forth soft, rich, melodious blasts from their long trumpets. I had never heard anything that was so lovely, or weird, or mysterious—but when they got to blowing the quarter-hours, they seemed to me to be overdoing the thing. Every time I dropped off for a moment, a new noise woke me. Each time I woke, I missed my coverlet, and had to reach down to the floor and get it again.

At last all sleepiness forsook me. I recognised the fact that I was hopelessly and permanently wide-awake. Wide-awake, and feverish and thirsty. When I had lain tossing there as long as I could endure it, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to dress and go out in the great square and take a refreshing

¹ Rathhaus—now usually spelt Rathaus—(pr. *Rakt-house*), town hall.

wash in the fountain, and smoke and reflect there until the remnant of the night was gone.

I believed I could dress in the dark without waking Harris. I had banished my shoes after the mouse, but my slippers would do for a summer night. So I rose softly, and gradually got on everything—down to



one sock. I couldn't seem to get on the track of that sock, any way I could fix it. But I had to have it; so I went down on my hands and knees with one slipper on and the other in my hand, and began to paw gently around and rake the floor, but with no success. I enlarged my circle, and went on pawing and raking. With every pressure of my knee, how the

floor creaked ! and every time I chanced to rake against any article, it seemed to give out thirty-five or thirty-six times more noise than it would have done in the day time. In those cases I always stopped and held my breath till I was sure Harris had not awakened—then I crept along again. I moved on and on, but I could not find the sock ; I could not seem to find anything but furniture. I could not remember that there was much furniture in the room when I went to bed, the place was alive with it now—especially chairs—chairs everywhere—had a couple of families moved in, in the meantime ? And I never could seem to *glance* on one of those chairs, but always struck it full and square with my head. My temper rose, by steady and sure degrees, and as I pawed on and on, I fell to making vicious comments under my breath.

A Lively Night.

3. Lost in the Bedroom.

Finally, with a venomous access of irritation, I said I would leave without the sock ; so I rose up and made straight for the door—as I supposed—and suddenly confronted my dim spectral image in the unbroken mirror. It startled the breath out of me, for an instant ; it also showed me that I was lost, and had no sort of idea where I was. When I realised this, I was so angry that I had to sit down on the floor and take hold of something to keep from lifting the roof off with an

enough for a panorama. Harris gave out no sound, but I felt that if I experimented any further with the pictures I should be sure to wake him. Better give up trying to get out. Yes, I would find King Arthur's Round Table once more—I had already found it several times—and use it for a base of departure on an exploring tour for my bed; if I could find my bed I could then find my water pitcher; I would quench my raging thirst and turn in. So I started on my hands and knees, because I could go faster that way, and with more confidence, too, and not knock down things. By-and-by I found the table—with my head—rubbed the bruise a little, then rose up and started, with hands abroad and fingers spread, to balance myself. I found a chair; then the wall; then another chair; then a sofa; then an alpenstock, then another sofa; this confounded me, for I had thought there was only one sofa. I hunted up the table again and took a fresh start; found some more chairs.

It occurred to me, now, as it ought to have done before, that as the table was round, it was therefore of no value as a base to aim from; so I moved off once more, and at random, among the wilderness of chairs and sofas—wandered off into unfamiliar regions, and presently knocked a candlestick off a mantelpiece; grabbed at the candlestick and knocked off a lamp; grabbed at the lamp and knocked off a water-pitcher with a rattling crash, and thought to myself, "I've found you at last—I judged I was close upon you." Harris shouted "murder," and "thieves," and finished with "I'm absolutely drowned."

The crash had roused the house. Mr. X. pranced in

in his long night garment with a candle, young Z. after him with another candle; a procession swept in at another door with candles and lanterns, landlord and two German guests in their nightgowns, and a chambermaid in hers.

I looked around; I was at Harris's bed, a Sabbath day's journey from my home. There was only one sofa, it was against the wall; there was only one chair where a body could get at it—I had been revolving around it like a planet, and colliding with it like a comet half the night.

I explained how I had been employing myself, and why. Then the landlord's party left, and the rest of us set about our preparations for breakfast, for the dawn was ready to break. I glanced furtively at my pedometer, and found I had made forty-seven miles. But I did not care, for I had come out for a pedestrian tour anyway.

MARK TWAIN.

(SAMUEL CLEMENS.)



The Duel.

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816) was a dramatist, theatre-owner, and politician. His works include *The Rivals*, from which the following extract is taken, *The School for Scandal*, etc. The most notable event in his political career was his being entrusted by the House of Commons with part of the work of impeaching Warren Hastings.]

(Duels were once common in this country, as they still are in some countries. Bob Acres, a young country gentleman, who has a great desire to be thought a fierce and quarrelsome man, is led by Sir Lucius O'Trigger, a very determined duellist, into challenging Mr. Beverley. The scene shows that Bob is not quite so brave as he would be thought.)

King's-Mead-Fields, Bath.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

ACRES. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

SIR LUCIUS. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll show you.—[*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. We might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

SIR LUC. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

SIR LUC. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

ACRES. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near; do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

SIR LUC. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

ACRES. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

SIR LUC. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

ACRES. A quietus!

SIR LUC. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

ACRES. Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

SIR LUC. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

SIR LUC. Ah! that's a pity—there's nothing like

being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

ACRES. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there—[*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

SIR LUC. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— [*Levelling at him.*]

ACRES. Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

SIR LUC. Never fear.

ACRES. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

SIR LUC. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if it hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

ACRES. A vital part!

SIR LUC. But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him*]—let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

ACRES. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

SIR LUC. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

ACRES. Look 'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

SIR LUC. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Ha!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

ACRES. Hey!—what!—coming!—

SIR LUC. Ay,—who are those yonder getting over the stile?

ACRES. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius,—we—we—we—we—won't run.

SIR LUC. Run!

ACRES. No—I say—we won't run, by my valour!

SIR LUC. What's the matter with you?

ACRES. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

SIR LUC. O fy!—consider your honour.

ACRES. Ay—true—my honour. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

SIR LUC. Well, here they're coming. [Looking.]

ACRES. Sir Lucius—If I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid.—If my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

SIR LUC. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

ACRES. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

SIR LUC. Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

ACRES. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Making up a Quarrel.

(Illustrations by Michael Brown.)

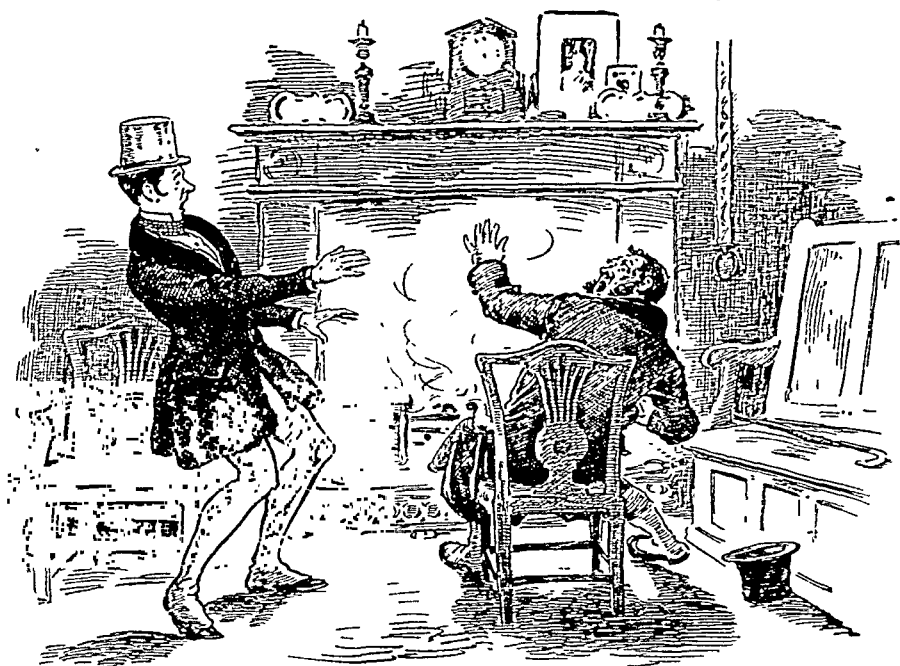
[CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was one of the greatest and most popular novelists of Queen Victoria's reign. He had a great power of humorous portraiture and caricature, but he also saw the pathetic side of things. Among novels by Dickens are *The Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, *Dombey and Son*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*. Besides these *A Christmas Carol*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Chimes*, etc., are short stories. *Sketches by Boz*, *American Notes*, *Pictures from Italy*, *A Child's History of England* are among his other works. The passage quoted here is from *The Pickwick Papers*.]

(Mr. Winkle, who has been on a visit with his friend Mr. Pickwick to Bath, has the misfortune one night to offend Mr. Dowler, a very fierce-looking gentleman, staying at the same boarding-house. Mr. Dowler gets into a terrible rage and threatens to cut Mr. Winkle's throat. Mr. Winkle gets away from him to his own room, and next day thinks it better to leave Bath and go to Bristol. He spends a day with some acquaintances whom he unexpectedly meets, and then returns to his hotel.)

He turned into the coffee room. Sitting in the front of the fire, with his back towards him, was a tallish gentleman in a great-coat: the only other occupant of the room. It was rather a cool evening for the season of the year, and the gentleman drew his chair aside to afford the new comer a sight of the fire. What were Mr. Winkle's feelings when, in doing so, he disclosed to view the face and figure of the vindictive and sanguinary Dowler!

Mr. Winkle's first impulse was to give a violent pull at the nearest bell-handle, but that unfortunately happened to be immediately behind Mr. Dowler's head. He had made one step towards it, before he checked himself. As he did so, Mr. Dowler very hastily drew back.

"Mr. Winkle, sir. Be calm. Don't strike me. I



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

won't bear it. A blow! Never!" said Mr. Dowler, looking meeker than Mr. Winkle had expected in a gentleman of his ferocity.

"A blow, sir?" stammered Mr. Winkle.

"A blow, sir," replied Dowler. "Compose your feelings. Sit down. Hear me."

"Sir," said Mr. Winkle, trembling from head to foot, "before I consent to sit down beside, or opposite you, without the presence of a waiter, I must be secured by some further understanding. You used a threat against me last night, sir, a dreadful threat, sir." Here Mr. Winkle turned very pale indeed, and stopped short.

"I did," said Dowler, with a countenance almost as white as Mr. Winkle's. "Circumstances were suspicious. They have been explained. I respect your bravery. Your feeling is upright. Conscious innocence. There's my hand. Grasp it."

"Really, sir," said Mr. Winkle, hesitating whether to give his hand or not, and almost fearing that it was demanded in order that he might be taken at an advantage, "really, sir, I——"

"I know what you mean," interposed Dowler. "You feel aggrieved. Very natural. So should I. I was wrong. I beg your pardon. Be friendly. Forgive me." With this, Dowler fairly forced his hand upon Mr. Winkle, and shaking it with the utmost vehemence, declared he was a fellow of extreme spirit, and he had a higher opinion of him than ever.

"Now," said Dowler, "sit down. Relate it all. How did you find me? When did you follow? Be frank. Tell me."

"It's quite accidental," replied Mr. Winkle, greatly perplexed by the curious and unexpected nature of the interview, "Quite."

"Glad of it," said Dowler. "I woke this morning. I had forgotten my threat. I laughed at the accident. I felt friendly. I said so."

“To whom?” inquired Mr. Winkle.

“To Mrs. Dowler. ‘You made a vow,’ said she. ‘I did,’ said I. ‘It was a rash one,’ said she. ‘It was,’ said I. ‘I’ll apologise. Where is he?’”

“Who?” inquired Mr. Winkle.

“You,” replied Dowler. “I went downstairs. You were not to be found. Pickwick looked gloomy. Shook his head. Hoped no violence would be committed. I saw it all. You felt yourself insulted. You had gone, for a friend, perhaps. Possibly for pistols. ‘High spirit,’ said I. ‘I admire him.’”

Mr. Winkle coughed, and beginning to see how the land lay, assumed a look of importance.

“I left a note for you,” resumed Dowler. “I said I was sorry. So I was. Pressing business called me here. You were not satisfied. You followed. You required a verbal explanation. You were right. It’s all over now. My business is finished. I go back to-morrow. Join me.”

As Dowler progressed in his explanation, Mr. Winkle’s countenance grew more and more dignified. The mysterious nature of the commencement of their conversation was explained; Mr. Dowler had as great an objection to duelling as himself; in short, this blustering and awful personage was one of the most egregious cowards in existence, and interpreting Mr. Winkle’s absence through the medium of his own fears, had taken the same step as himself, and prudently retired until all excitement of feeling should have subsided.

As the real state of the case dawned upon Mr.

Making up a Quarrel

Winkle's mind, he looked very terrible, and said he was perfectly satisfied; but at the same time, said so with an air that left Mr. Dowler no alternative but to infer that if he had not been, something most horrible and destructive must inevitably have occurred.



THE QUARREL MADE UP.

Mr. Dowler appeared to be impressed with a becoming sense of Mr. Winkle's magnanimity and condescension; and the two belligerents parted for the night, with many protestations of eternal friendship.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown.

(Illustrations by Gordon Browne.)

[MRS. GASKELL (1810-1865) was a well-known novelist of English domestic life. Among her best known works are *Mary Barton*, and *Cranford* (from which the following extract is taken). She wrote also a *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.]

1. A Literary Difference.

(Miss Jenkyns is the leader of a group of ladies in the town of Cranford. She is good-hearted, but holds very strongly to her own somewhat old-fashioned opinions. Captain Brown is a recent addition to the residents of Cranford. He has two daughters, the elder of whom is a confirmed invalid and, because of her illness, troublesome and exacting, while the younger is of a pleasant disposition, and, like her father, devoted to the invalid. Miss Jenkyns invites the Browns to a party. The story is told by a young lady visiting Miss Jenkyns and her sister.)

By-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of *The Pickwick Papers*?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her.



CAPTAIN BROWN IN PRAISE OF BOZ.

So she answered, and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great doctor for his model." This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said, with mild dignity,—

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room." When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown,—

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz,¹ and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was *The Rambler*² published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends

¹ Mr. Boz, Charles Dickens, one of whose earliest works was published under the title *Sketches by Boz*.

² *The Rambler*, a periodical publication by Dr. Johnson.

of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

He endeavoured to make peace with Miss Jenkyns, soon after the memorable dispute, by a present of a wooden fire-shovel (his own making), having heard her say how much the grating of an iron one annoyed her. She received the present with cool gratitude, and thanked him formally. When he was gone, she bade me put it away in the lumber-room; feeling, probably, that no present from a man who preferred Mr. Boz to Dr. Johnson could be less jarring than an iron fire-shovel.

Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown.

2. Captain Brown's Death.

My next visit to Cranford was in the summer. There had been neither births, deaths, nor marriages since I was there last. Everybody lived in the same house, and wore pretty nearly the same well-preserved, old-fashioned clothes. The greatest event was, that the Miss Jenkynses had purchased a new carpet for the drawing-room.

Captain Brown and Miss Jenkyns were not very

cordial to each other. The literary dispute, of which I had seen the beginning, was a "raw," the slightest touch on which made them wince. It was the only difference of opinion they had ever had; but that difference was enough. Miss Jenkyns could not refrain from talking *at* Captain Brown; and, though he did not reply, he drummed with his fingers, which action she felt and resented as very disparaging to Dr. Johnson. He was rather ostentatious in his preference of the writings of Mr. Boz; would walk through the streets so absorbed in them that he all but ran against Miss Jenkyns; and though his apologies were earnest and sincere, and though he did not, in fact, do more than startle her and himself, she owned to me she had rather he had knocked her down, if he had only been reading a higher style of literature. The poor, brave captain! he looked older, and more worn, and his clothes were very threadbare. But he seemed as bright and cheerful as ever, unless he was asked about his daughter's health.

"She suffers a great deal, and she must suffer more; we do what we can to alleviate her pain; God's will be done!" He took off his hat at these last words.

Captain Brown called one day to thank Miss Jenkyns for many little kindnesses, which I did not know until then that she had rendered. He had suddenly become like an old man; his deep bass voice had a quavering in it, his eyes looked dim, and the lines on his face were deep. He did not—could not—speak cheerfully of his daughter's state, but he talked with manly, pious resignation, and not much. Twice over he said,

"What Jessie has been to us, God only knows!" and after the second time, he got up hastily, shook hands all round without speaking, and left the room.

That afternoon we perceived little groups in the street, all listening with faces aghast to some tale or other. Miss Jenkyns wondered what could be the matter for some time before she took the undignified step of sending Jenny out to inquire.

Jenny came back with a white face of terror. "Oh, ma'am! oh, Miss Jenkyns, ma'am! Captain Brown is killed by them nasty cruel railroads!" and she burst into tears. She, along with many others, had experienced the poor captain's kindness.

"How?—where—where? Jenny, don't waste time in crying, but tell us something." Miss Matty rushed out into the street at once, and collared the man who was telling the tale.

"Come in—come to my sister at once—Miss Jenkyns, the rector's daughter. Oh, man, man!—say it is not true," she cried, as she brought the affrighted carter, sleeking down his hair, into the drawing-room, where he stood with his wet boots on the new carpet, and no one regarded it.

"Please, mum, it is true. I see'd it myself," and he shuddered at the recollection. "The captain was a-reading some new book as he was deep in, a-waiting for the down train; and there was a little lass as wanted to come to its mammy, and gave its sister the slip, and came toddling across the line. And he looked up sudden, at the sound of the train coming, and see'd the child, and he darted on the line and cotechd



CAPTAIN BROWN'S LAST CALL.

it up, and his foot slipped, and the train came over him in no time.

"O Lord, Lord! Mum, it's quite true—and they've come over to tell his daughters. The child's safe, though, with only a bang on its shoulder, as he threw it to its mammy. Poor captain would be glad of that mum, wouldn't he? God bless him!" The great rough carter puckered up his manly face, and turned away to hide his tears. I turned to Miss Jenkyns. She looked very ill, as if she were going to faint, and signed to me to open the window.

"Matilda, bring me my bonnet. I must go to those girls. God pardon me, if ever I have spoken contemptuously to the captain!"

Miss Jenkyns arrayed herself to go out, telling Miss Matilda to give the man a glass of wine. While she was away, Miss Matty and I huddled over the fire, talking in a low and awestruck voice. I know we cried quietly all the time.

Miss Jenkyns came home in a silent mood, and we durst not ask her many questions. She told us that Miss Jessie had fainted, and that she and Miss Pole had had some difficulty in bringing her round; but that, as soon as she recovered, she begged one of them to go and sit with her sister.

"Mr. Hoggins says she cannot live many days, and she shall be spared this shock," said Miss Jessie, shivering with feelings to which she dared not give way.

"But how can you manage, my dear?" asked Miss Jenkyns; "you cannot bear up; she must see your tears."

"God will help me—I will not give way—she was asleep when the news came; she may be asleep yet. She would be so utterly miserable, not merely at my father's death, but to think of what would become of me; she is so good to me." She looked up earnestly in their faces with her soft true eyes, and Miss Pole told Miss Jenkyns afterwards she could hardly bear it, knowing as she did, how Miss Brown treated her sister.

However, it was settled according to Miss Jessie's wish. Miss Brown was to be told her father had been summoned to take a short journey on railway business. They had managed it in some way—Miss Jenkyns could not exactly say how. Miss Pole was to stop with Miss Jessie. Mrs. Jamieson had sent to inquire. And this was all we heard that night; and a sorrowful night it was. The next day a full account of the fatal accident was in the county paper, which Miss Jenkyns took in. Her eyes were very weak, she said, and she asked me to read it. When I came to "the gallant gentleman was deeply engaged in the perusal of a number of *Pickwick*, which he had just received," Miss Jenkyns shook her head long and solemnly, and then sighed out, "Poor, dear, infatuated man!"

MRS. GASKELL.

The Norman Baron.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was a noted American poet. Among his best-known longer poems are *Evangeline*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *The Golden Legend*. Some of his short poems are *A Psalm of Life*, *The Belfry of Bruges*, *The Building of the Ship*, *Excelsior*.]

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying :
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring cloister,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly
Knocking at the castle-gates.



DOING JUSTICE.

(Specially drawn for this book by Gordon Browne.)

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

The Norman Baron

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.





The Discovery of America.

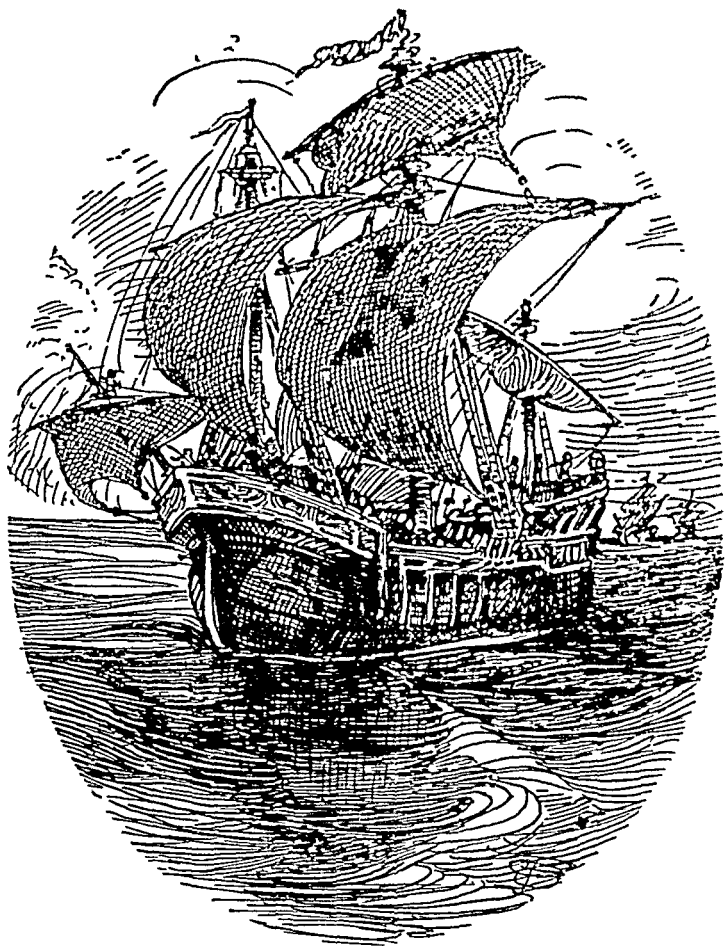
[DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1721-1793) was Principal of Edinburgh University from 1762 to 1792. He wrote a *History of Scotland*, a *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.* and a *History of America*, from the last of which the following passage is taken.]

I. Despondency.

(Christopher Columbus, a Genoese sailor, believed that it would be possible to reach India by sailing westwards. After endeavouring in vain to persuade various sovereigns to furnish him with vessels in which to put his idea to the test, he was at last successful. Isabella, Queen of Castile and Leon, whose marriage with Ferdinand, King of Arragon, brought about the union of Spain, agreed to provide the necessary vessels.)

The Discovery of America

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before



INTO THE UNKNOWN.

sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than

expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands; and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit.

They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever.

These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship.

From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded

to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction.

They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction.

All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and

solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success.

Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation.

Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with



A LIGHT AT LAST.

additional force ; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men ; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe.

The Discovery of America.

2. A Last Chance.

Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect ; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent.

It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not

discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible.

For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Niña* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable.

From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled; and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

The Discovery of America.

3. Success.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place.

A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land*; *land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day.

As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation.

This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and

insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see.

They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Discovery of America.

4. The New World.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful.

The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusty copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.
(Specially drawn for this book by Arch. Webb.)

gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

O Captain! My Captain.

[WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892) was an American author who wrote many poems without using the ordinary poetic forms of rhyme and measure. At his best, his work is very fine. The best known of his collections are *Leaves of Grass*, and *Drum Taps*. The following piece refers to the murder of President Lincoln just as his great work of preventing the break-up of the United States by the secession of the southern states was completed.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

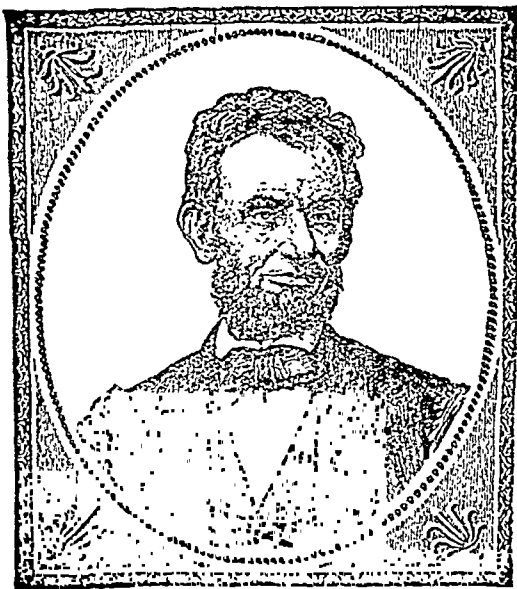
It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won ;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An Interview with a Cock-Sparrow.

[CHARLES GRANT ALLEN (1848-1899) was a journalist who wrote many popular novels and expositions of science. Among the former, *In All Shades*, *The Tents of Shem*, and *The Scallywag* may be mentioned. *The Colour of Flowers*, *The Story of the Plants*, and *Moorland Idylls* (from which the following passage is taken) are examples of the latter. It will be easily seen that the Cock-Sparrow's opinions are very like those of people and nations who think that the world belongs to them, and that no other people have any rights.]

"Believe me," said the sparrow, "it *pays* to be civilized."

"You seem to have found it so," I answered. "You and the rook, I take it, are just the two of our birds which have lost nothing and gained much by man's presence in our island."

"I believe you," said the sparrow, cocking his head on one side. He seemed ill to recognize the solemnity of being interviewed, which to the human subject is like having your photograph taken, combined with a compound visit to the dentist. "We are a dominant race, you see; that's just where it is. We have adapted ourselves to the environment. Birds like jays and hawfinches, now, are too shy and retiring: as civilization advances, they retreat and skulk, and can't march with the age; but we and the rooks, we take advantage of every increase of human population to redouble our numbers. As fast as cultivation grows, we grow; man exists to provide us with food and shelter."

"Then you think your race has increased, and is still increasing?" I asked.

"Not a doubt of it, my dear sir. We have multiplied enormously. Before the age of tillage, we were probably a small and unimportant group, no more conspicuous or remarkable in any way than the wretched little siskins or the grasshopper-warblers. But as cultivation develops, we develop, if you will excuse my Latin, *pari passu*.¹ (Oh, yes, I know Latin well, because a near cousin of mine is the *Passer Italiae*).² However, as I was going to say when you interrupted me with a question, we have spread about everywhere that grain will grow in Europe. That's because we are bold, courageous birds, not afraid of every passing object we see, like the bluethroats and the creepers; while at the same time we are cautious, quick, eager, and wary, and get out of the way of danger at a moment's notice. My own opinion is that even in Europe we must have been a mere handful of birds before cultivation spread, and that since that time we have pushed ourselves by our energy and enterprise into a leading position. About great cities alone, we may be reckoned by our myriads; and then, just look at our colonial expansion!"

"You have emigrated largely, I believe," I said, "to America and the Colonies?"

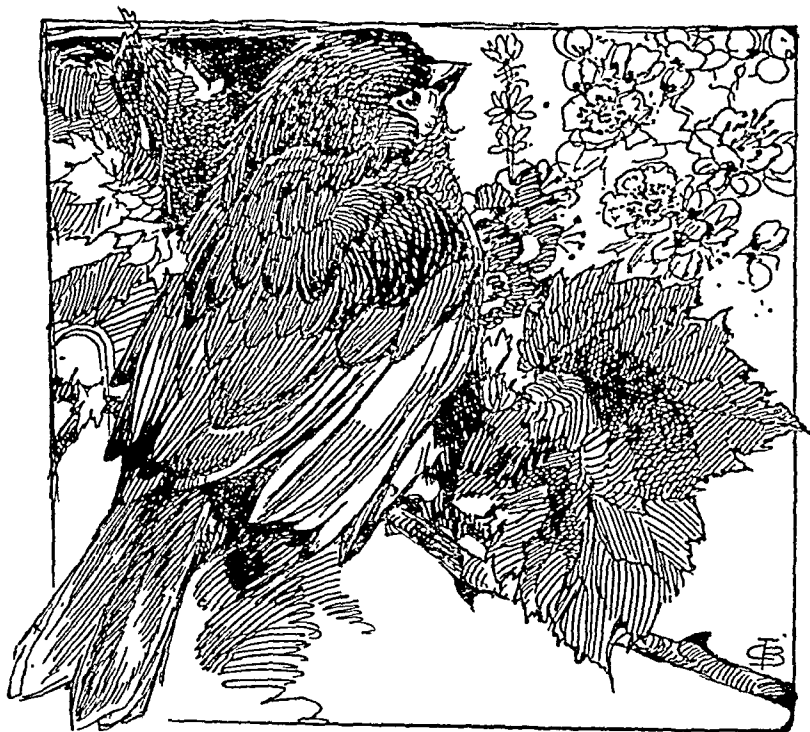
"Bless my soul, yes; we have followed European civilization almost everywhere. We allow mankind to go ahead of us for a few years, just to prepare the

¹ *pari passu*, at an equal rate.

² *Passer Italiae*, sparrow of Italy, Italian sparrow.

60 An Interview with a Cock-Sparrow

way, and get our corn and oats into working order; and then we gain a foothold in the newly acquired lands, and naturally oust the uncivilized natives. We have annexed America, and are killing out inferior types in many other regions. What do I mean by



THE SPARROW.

inferior types? Why, non-sparrows, of course; such lower grades, don't you know, as Australians and New Zealanders."

"Excuse my asking a delicate question, but do you do much damage, from the farmer's point of view, to

the crops and the gardens? You see, we men have a narrow-minded way of regarding these things from a somewhat restricted human standpoint."

The sparrow gazed at me hard out of the corner of his eye. "Well, I don't want it put in print," he said confidentially, "for farmers are so unreasonable; but I will admit that at certain times of the year we *do* pick up a good many seeds out of fields and gardens. But then, consider how many insects we help to eat up. Why, I lived for a week last year upon aphides—what the farmers call bean-bugs. We must be philosophical, my dear sir; we *must* be philosophical. There's a give-and-take in these affairs, you may depend upon it."

He ruffled his neck as he spoke, and I observed it was marked by a conspicuous black band I had never before noticed.

"That's a pretty cravat of yours," I interposed, just to change the subject.

"Yes, it *is* pretty," he admitted, swelling himself out a bit as he said it. "Our women don't have them, you know, nor the young ones either. This beautiful decoration is the peculiar glory and special distinction of the adult cock-sparrow." And anything cockier than he looked at that moment it would be hard to imagine.

It occurred to me as he spoke that I had seldom seen a slenderer form of masculine adornment on which to pride one's self, till I suddenly recollected that a black moustache on a human face must be as relatively inconspicuous to any other species; and I have never

60 An Interview with a Cock-Sparrow

way, and get our corn and oats into working order; and then we gain a foothold in the newly acquired lands, and naturally oust the uncivilized natives. We have annexed America, and are killing out inferior types in many other regions. What do I mean by



THE SPARROW.

inferior types? Why, non-sparrows, of course; such lower grades, don't you know, as Australians and New Zealanders."

"Excuse my asking a delicate question, but do you do much damage, from the farmer's point of view, to

An Englishman and an Indian Princess.

[GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891) was an American statesman and historian. His chief work was *The History of the United States*, from which the following is taken.]

(The first English settlers in Virginia were not the most persevering and resolute of men, and the dangers and inconveniences which they experienced nearly led them to desert their new country and return to England. Among them, however, was John Smith, a man of a very courageous and determined mind, and his influence produced a change.)

The management of affairs fell into the hands of Smith, whose deliberate enterprise and cheerful courage alone diffused light amidst the general gloom. He possessed by nature the buoyant spirit of heroic daring. In boyhood he had sighed for the opportunity of "setting out on brave adventures"; and though not yet thirty years of age, he was already a veteran in the service of humanity and of Christendom.

Now the infant commonwealth of Virginia depended for its existence on his firmness. His experience in human nature under all its forms, and the cheering vigour of his resolute will, made him equal to his duty. He inspired the natives with awe, and quelled the spirit of anarchy and rebellion among the emigrants.

He was more wakeful to gather provisions than the covetous to find gold; and strove to keep the country more than the faint-hearted to abandon it. As autumn

62 An Interview with a Cock-Sparrow

noticed that the possessors of well-grown black moustaches under-rated their importance.

"You have a large family, I believe," I remarked, as he chirped to his mate cheerily.

"Oh, several of them," he answered with a nonchalant air; "sometimes as many as three yearly. We are a dominant race, you know, and we don't always trouble to build our own nests; we just drive out a house-martin, or take possession of a sand-martin's burrow in a cutting. Arbitrary, did you say? Oh, well, you see, we are sparrows; and, of course, we can make a much better use of them. Poor devils of martins, they have to go elsewhere, and house themselves as best they may—the survivors, that is to say, for a good many of them get killed and torn to pieces in the process of readjustment. They're such savages, you see; we're *obliged* to be sharp with them. Why, I've known a horde of house-martins fight in defence of their wretched mud hovels till we were compelled to exterminate them. Well, I'm off now; ta-ta! Mind you send me a copy of your paper with this interview. And oh, by the way, if you describe my wife, just make the most you can of that pale streak over her eye, will you? It is all she has to be proud of, poor thing. She's not as distinguished-looking as I am, of course; but let her down gently, please; do let her down gently."

GRANT ALLEN.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

approached, the Indians, from the superfluity of their harvest, made a voluntary offering; and supplies were also collected by expeditions into the interior. But a danger of a precipitate abandonment of Virginia continued to be imminent, till the approach of winter, when not only the homeward navigation became perilous, but the fear of famine was removed by the abundance of wild fowl and game. Nothing then remained but to examine the country.

The South Sea was considered the ocean-path to every kind of wealth. The coast of America on the Pacific had been explored by the Spaniards, and had been visited by Drake; the collections¹ of Hakluyt had communicated to the English the results of their voyages, and the maps of that day exhibited a tolerably accurate delineation of the continent of North America.

With singular ignorance of the progress of geographical knowledge, it had been expressly enjoined on the colonists to seek a communication with the South Sea by ascending some stream which flowed from the north-west. The Chickahominy was such a stream. Smith, though he did not share the ignorance of his employers, was ever willing to engage in discoveries. Leaving the colonists to enjoy the abundance which winter had brought, he not only ascended the river as far as he could advance in boats, but struck into the interior. His companions disobeyed his instructions, and, being surprised by the Indians, were put to death. Smith himself, who, in the plains of the Crimea and of Southern Russia, had become acquainted

¹ collections, i.e., collections of accounts of the voyages.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH A CAPTIVE.

The decision of his fate was referred to Powhatan, who was then residing in what is now Gloucester county, on York River, at a village to which Smith was conducted through the regions, now so celebrated, where the youthful Lafayette hovered upon the skirts of Cornwallis, and the arms of France and the Confederacy were united to achieve the crowning victory of American independence.¹

The passion of vanity rules in forests as well as in cities; the grim warriors, as they met in council, displayed their gayest apparel before the Englishman, whose doom they had assembled to pronounce. The fears of the feeble aborigines were about to prevail; and his immediate death, already repeatedly threatened and repeatedly delayed, would have been inevitable, but for the timely intercession of Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a girl of "ten or twelve years old; which not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit, was the only nonpareil² of the country."

The gentle feelings of humanity are the same in every race, and in every period of life; they bloom, though unconsciously, in the bosom of a child. Smith had easily won the confiding fondness of the Indian maiden; and now the impulse of mercy awakened within her breast; she clung firmly to his neck, as his head was bowed to receive the strokes of the tomahawk.

Did the childlike superstition of her kindred reverence

¹ The crowning victory of American Independence, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

² The only nonpareil, by far the best and most distinguished person.

with the superstitions and the manners of wandering tribes, did not beg for life, but preserved it by the calmness of self-possession.

Displaying a pocket compass, he amused the savages by an explanation of its powers, and increased their admiration of his superior genius, by imparting to them some vague conceptions of the form of the earth and the nature of the planetary system. To the Indians, who retained him as their prisoner, his captivity was a more strange event than anything of which the traditions of their tribes preserved the memory. He was allowed to send a letter to the fort at Jamestown; and the savage wonder was increased; for he seemed, by some magic, to endow the paper with the gift of intelligence.

The curiosity of all the clans of the neighbourhood was awakened by the prisoner; he was conducted in triumph from the settlements on the Chickahominy to the Indian villages on the Rappahannock and the Potomac; and thence, through other towns, to the residence of the chief, at Pamunkey.

There, for the space of three days, they practised incantations and ceremonies, in the hope of obtaining some insight into the mystery of his character and his designs. It was evident that he was a being of a higher order: was his nature beneficent, or was he to be dreaded as a dangerous enemy? Their minds were bewildered, as they beheld his calm fearlessness; and they sedulously observed towards him the utmost reverence and hospitality, as if to propitiate his power, should he be rescued from their hands.

An Englishman and an Indian Princess 69

decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence.

Thus the captivity of Smith did itself become a benefit to the colony; for he had not only observed with care the country between the James and the Potomac, and had gained some knowledge of the language and manners of the natives, but he now established a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes of Powhatan; and, with her companions, the child who had rescued him from death, afterwards came every few days to the fort with baskets of corn for the garrison.

GEORGE BANCROFT.



A PIONEER OF FORMER DAYS.

68 An Englishman and an Indian Princess

her interference as a token from a superior power? Her fearlessness and her entreaties persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who might make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favourite child.



A VISIT FROM POCAHONTAS.

The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown; and when his



A HOPELESS DAWN.

F. Brantley, A.R.A.

A Day that is Dead.

[ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892) was one of the three greatest English poets of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Most, indeed, would regard him as the greatest. His chief long poems or groups of poems are *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, but besides these he wrote very many fine short poems including *A Dream of Fair Women*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The May Queen*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *Locksley Hall*, *The Relief of Lucknow*, *The Ballad of the Revenge*. He also wrote plays, *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, etc.]

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play !

O well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill ;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

them. It is not to be expected of all, quadrupeds or bipeds, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman's door to thank him for some obligation overnight, etc. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable stretched itself, and died.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us! We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet, unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability,—the “smile without a smile,” as the poet beautifully calls it.

Furthermore (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling as fast as possible before the meat comes), we own we have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and

The Cat by the Fire.

[LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) was a journalist, essayist, and poet. Comparatively few of his many works are in favour now. Among the best known are *The Story of Rimini*, *Stories from the Italian*, *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. The passage given below is almost the whole of an essay.]

1. Unfavourable Criticisms.

A blazing fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (nor do the "first circles" despise the preference of a kettle to an urn, as the third or fourth may do), and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which everybody likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, etc. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that "comparisons are odious," our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likeable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikeable for its inferiority to something else,—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards

but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheep-fold, and kills more than he eats; but does not the Squire or the Marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame? See the effect of habit and education! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for half-an-hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how worthy of killing he thinks the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers as the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonentity of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure

The Cat by the Fire

letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with the greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse's being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant movable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat into the head of a country squire of the old class that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate; and sages have made slips. Dr. Franklin cut off his son with a shilling for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to eat his dinner as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse;—granted; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything

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whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of?—of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat? or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse-flesh? or of her friend the cat next door, the most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive? Does she taste of the noble prerogative sorrows of man?

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so, on our happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of

of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.



The Cat by the Fire.

2. Cat Characteristics.

Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn and a lick to her

passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which, perhaps, is to be reckoned her taste for fish, a creature with whose element she has so little to do, that she is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for herself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself, and buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it!

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the "aggravated" cooks, overpettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronising giants?) and last, not least, horrible merciless tramples of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides, and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or to take tea, when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was mashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the next two inches of rug or carpet.

LEIGH HUNT.

a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of her mother,—trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sate looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the “little pickle” presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one’s human thirst cannot sympathise with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one’s ears in that sound of splashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy’s mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of her coat, which gives out sparks under the hand; her

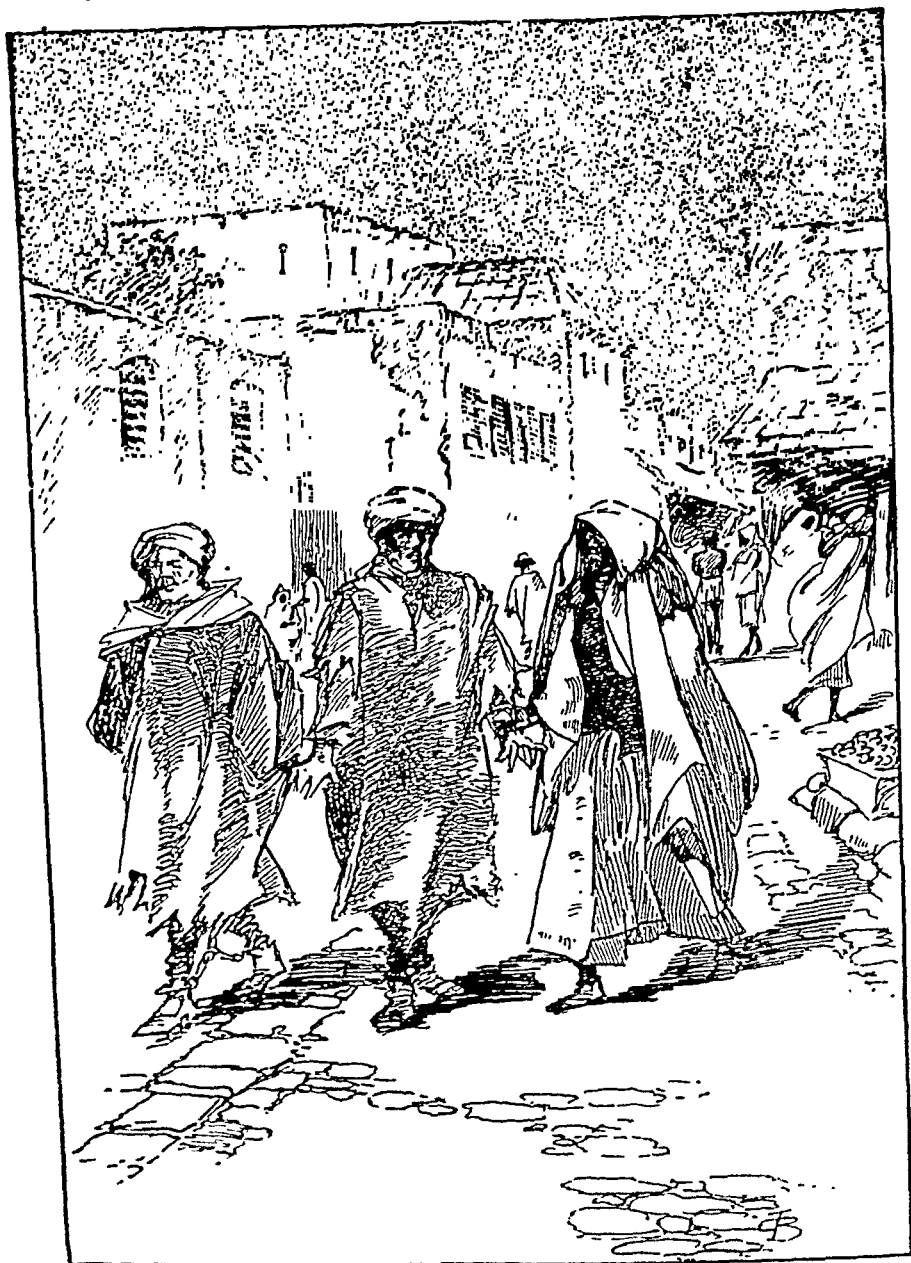
An Escape from Omdurman.¹

[Mr. A. E. W. MASON is well known as the writer of many notable novels. Perhaps the best known is *The Four Feathers*, from which the following extract is taken. Others are *Clementina*, *The Truants*, *Running Water*, *The Broken Road*, *Miranda of the Balcony*, etc.]

1. The Coming of Abou Fatma.

(Harry Feversham, an officer in the British Army, resigns his commission when the Soudan War breaks out, and he is therefore regarded as a coward by three brother officers and the lady to whom he is engaged. Each of them gives him a white feather in token of this opinion, and after a time he sets himself to do something which will show both to them and to himself that he is not a coward. One of the tasks he undertakes is to rescue Colonel Trench, one of the officers, from the "House of Stone," the prison at Omdurman, where Trench is confined after his capture by the Dervishes in the Soudan War. To do this Feversham manages to get imprisoned in the House of Stone himself. He has arranged with an Arab, Abou Fatma, to provide means of escape, but Abou Fatma is delayed by illness. Meantime a friend of Feversham sends him another Arab messenger who pretends to help him, but Feversham and Trench see that there is no hope by him. The two Englishmen, who are allowed to leave the prison during the day in order to

¹ The divisions of this passage and their titles do not belong to the original. The first division given here is the end of Chapter xxix. and the remainder is the opening part of Chapter xxx.



THE MESSENGER OF DELIVERANCE.

with a man to remove your chains. But keep your faces well covered, and do not stop. He will think you slaves."

With that he passed some rags to them, holding his hands behind his back, while they stood close to him. Then he turned and hurried back. Very slowly Fever-sham and Trench walked forward in the direction of the prison, the dusk crept across the river, mounted the long slope of sand, enveloped them. They sat down and quickly wrapped the rags about their chains and secured them there. From the west the colours of the sunset had altogether faded, the darkness gathered quickly about them.

They turned and walked back along the road they had come. The drums were more numerous now, and above the wall there rose a glare of light. By the time they had reached the water's edge opposite the storehouses it was dark. Abou Fatma was already waiting with his blacksmith. The chains were knocked off without a word spoken.

"Come," said Abou. "There will be no moon to-night. How long before they discover you are gone?"

"Who knows? Perhaps already Idris has missed us. Perhaps he will not till morning. There are many prisoners."

They ran up the slope of sand, between the quarters of the tribes, across the narrow width of the city, through the cemetery. On the far side of the cemetery stood a disused house; a man rose up in the doorway as they approached, and went in.

"Wait here," said Abou Fatma, and he too went into

work for the Khalifa, are returning to their prison sick at heart with the disappointment, when all of a sudden their chance comes.)

They walked slowly, as though their fetters had grown ten times their weight, and without a word. So stricken, indeed, were they that an Arab turned and kept pace beside them, and neither noticed his presence. In a few moments the Arab spoke—

“The camels are ready in the desert, ten miles to the west.”

But he spoke in so low a voice, and those to whom he spoke were so absorbed in misery, that the words passed unheard. He repeated them, and Feversham looked up. Quite slowly their meaning broke in on Feversham's mind; quite slowly he recognised the man who uttered them.

“Abou Fatma!” he said.

“Hoosh!” returned Abou Fatma, “the camels are ready.”

“Now?”

“Now.”

Trench leaned against the wall with his eyes closed, and the face of a sick man. It seemed that he would swoon, and Feversham took him by the arm.

“Is it true?” Trench asked faintly; and before Feversham could answer Abou Fatma went on—

“Walk forward very slowly. Before you reach the end of the wall it will be dusk. Draw your cloaks over your heads, wrap these rags about your chains, so that they do not rattle. Then turn and come back, go close to the water beyond the storehouses. I will be there

galloping horses to warn him that pursuit was at his heels. Even at that moment the Ansar soldiers might be riding within thirty paces of them, and Feversham strained his eyes backwards into the darkness and expected the glimmer of a white turban. Trench, however, never turned his head. He rode with his teeth set, looking forward. Yet fear was no less strong in him than in Feversham. Indeed, it was stronger, for he did not look back towards Omdurman because he did not dare; and though his eyes were fixed directly in front of him, the things which he really saw were the long, narrow streets of the town behind him, the dotted fires at the corners of the streets, and men running hither and thither among the houses, making their quick search for the two prisoners escaped from the House of Stone.

Once his attention was diverted by a word from Feversham, and he answered without turning his head—

“What is it?”

“I no longer see the fires of Omdurman.”

“The golden blot, eh, very low down?”¹ Trench answered in an abstracted voice. Feversham did not ask him to explain what his allusion meant, nor could Trench have disclosed why he had spoken it. The words had come back to him suddenly with a feeling that it was somehow appropriate that the vision which was the last thing to meet Feversham’s eyes as he set out upon his mission he should see again now that that mission was accomplished. They spoke no more until two

¹ Feversham had been delirious in the prison, and Trench had heard him using these words in talking about his journey to Omdurman.

the house. In a moment both men came back, and each one led a camel and made it kneel.

"Mount," said Abou Fatma. "Bring its head round and hold it as you mount."

"I know the trick," said Trench.

Feversham climbed up behind him, the two Arabs mounted the second camel.

"Ten miles to the west," said Abou Fatma, and he struck the camel on the flanks.

Behind them the glare of the lights dwindled, the tapping of the drums diminished.

An Escape from Omdurman.

2. The First Night of Freedom.

The wind blew keen and cold from the north. The camels, freshened by it, trotted out at their fastest pace.

"Quicker," said Trench, between his teeth. "Already Idris may have missed us."

"Even if he has," replied Feversham, "it will take time to get men together for a pursuit, and those men must fetch their camels, and already it is dark."

But although he spoke hopefully he turned his head again and again towards the glare of light above Omdurman. He could no longer hear the tapping of the drums, that was some consolation. But he was in a country of silence, where men could journey swiftly and yet make no noise. There would be no sound of

figures rose out of the darkness in front of them, at the very feet of their camels, and Abou Fatma cried in a low voice—

“Instanna!”

They halted their camels and made them kneel.

“The new camels are here?” asked Abou Fatma, and two of the men disappeared for a few minutes and brought four camels up. Meanwhile the saddles were unfastened and removed from the camels Trench and his companion had ridden out of Omdurman.

“They are good camels?” asked Feversham, as he helped to fix the saddles upon the fresh ones.

“Of the Anafi breed,” answered Abou Fatma. “Quick! Quick!” And he looked anxiously to the east and listened.

“The arms?” said Trench. “You have them? Where are they?” And he bent his body and searched the ground for them.

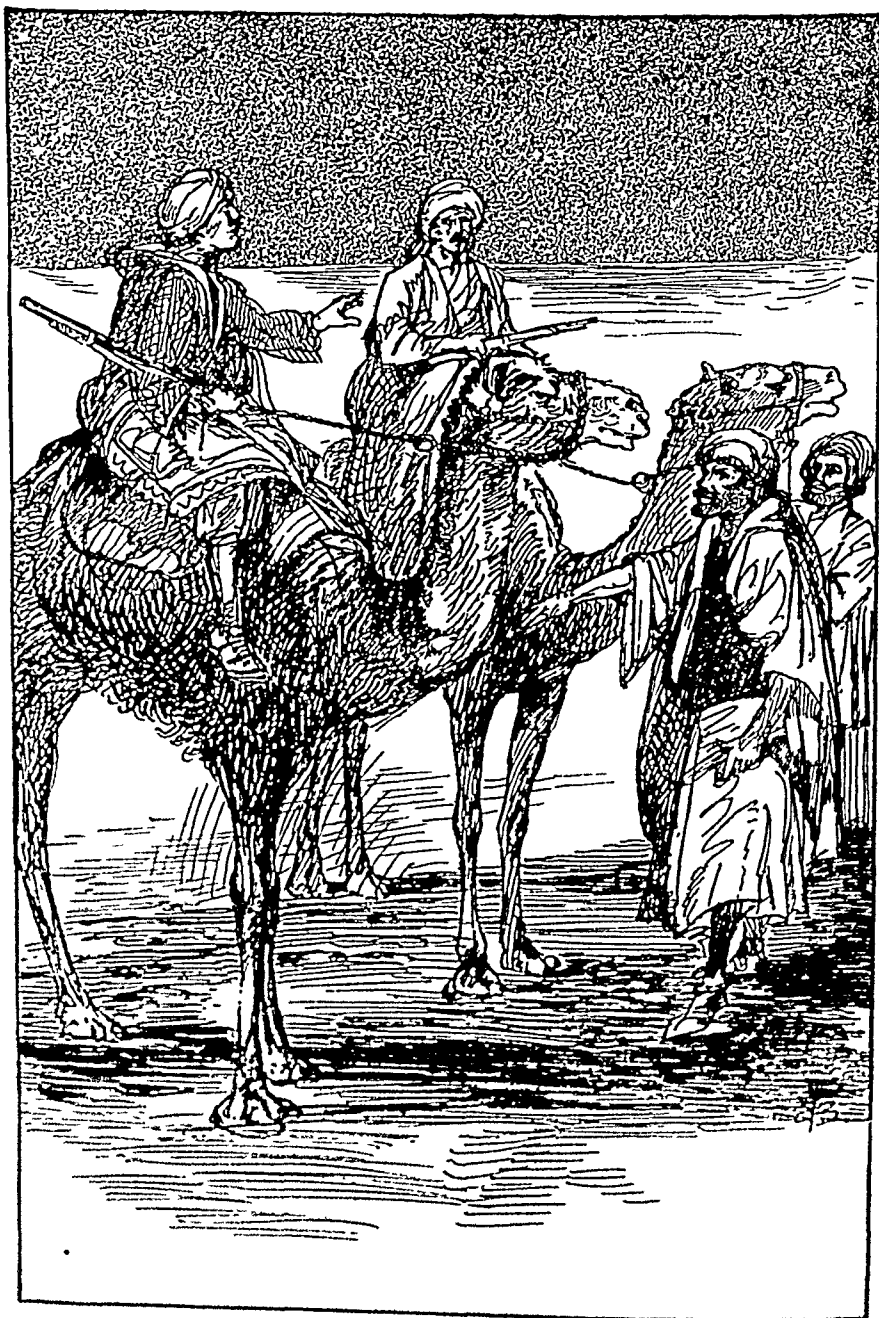
“In a moment,” said Abou Fatma, but it seemed that Trench could hardly wait for that moment to arrive. He showed even more anxiety to handle the weapons than he had shown fear that he would be overtaken.

“There is ammunition?” he asked, feverishly.

“Yes, yes,” replied Abou Fatma, “ammunition and rifles and revolvers.” He led the way to a spot about twenty yards from the camels where some long desert grass rustled about their legs. He stooped and dug into the soft sand with his hands.

“Here,” he said.

Trench flung himself upon the ground beside him



FREEDOM.

An Escape from Omdurman.

3. Hasting and Waiting.

"Are the Effendi¹ tired?" asked Abou Fatma. "Will they stop and eat? There is food upon the saddle of each camel."

"No; we can eat as we go."

Dates and bread and a draught of water from a zamsheyeh² made up their meal, and they ate it as they sat their camels. These, indeed, now that they were free of the long desert grass, trotted at their quickest pace. And at sunset that evening they stopped and rested for an hour. All through that night they rode and the next day, straining their own endurance and that of the beasts they were mounted on, now ascending on to high and rocky ground, now traversing a valley, and now trotting fast across plains of honey-coloured sand. Yet to each man the pace seemed always as slow as a funeral. A mountain would lift itself above the rim of the horizon at sunrise, and for the whole lifelong day it stood before their eyes, and was never a foot higher or an inch nearer. At times some men tilling a scanty patch of sorghum would send the fugitives' hearts leaping in their throats, and they must make a wide detour; or again a caravan would be sighted in the far distance by the keen eyes of Abou Fatma, and they made their camels kneel and lay crouched behind a rock, with their loaded rifles in their hands. Ten miles from Abu Klea a relay

¹ Effendi, gentlemen.

² Zamsheyeh, skin water bottle.

and scooped with both hands, making all the while an inhuman whimpering sound with his mouth, like the noise a foxhound makes at a cover. There was something rather horrible to Feversham in his attitude as he scraped at the ground on his knees, in the action of his hands, quick like the movements of a dog's paws, and in the whine of his voice. He was sunk for the time into an animal. In a moment or two Trench's fingers touched the lock and trigger of a rifle, and he became man again. He stood up quietly with the rifle in his hands. The other arms were unearthed, the ammunition shared.

"Now," said Trench, and he laughed, with a great thrill of joy in the laugh. "Now I don't mind. Let them follow from Omdurman! One thing is certain now. I shall never go back there; no, not even if they overtake us!" And he fondled the rifle which he held and spoke to it as though it lived.

Two of the Arabs mounted the old camels and rode slowly away to Omdurman. Abou Fatma and the other remained with the fugitives. They mounted and trotted north-eastwards. No more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they had first halted at Abou Fatma's word.

All that night they rode through halfa grass and mimosa trees and went but slowly, but they came about sunrise on to flat, bare ground broken with small hillocks.

They gathered the stones quickly and made a low wall about a foot high; within this wall Feversham and Trench laid themselves down upon the ground with a water-skin and their rifles at their sides.

"You have dates, too?" said Abou Fatma.

"Yes."

"Then do not stir from the hiding-place till I come back. I will take your camels, and bring you back fresh ones in the evening." And in company with his fellow Arab he rode off towards the river.

Trench and Feversham dug out the sand within the stones and lay down, watching the horizon between the interstices. For both of them this perhaps was the longest day of their lives. They were so near to safety and yet not safe. To Trench's thinking it was longer than a night in the House of Stone, and to Feversham longer even than one of those days six years back, when he had sat in his rooms above St. James's Park and waited for the night to fall before he dared venture out into the streets. They were so near to Berber, and the pursuit must needs be close behind. Feversham lay wondering how he had ever found the courage to venture himself in Berber. They had no shade to protect them; all day the sun burnt pitilessly upon their backs, and within the narrow circle of stones they had no room wherein to move. They spoke hardly at all. The sunset, however, came at the last, the friendly darkness gathered about them, and a cool wind rustled through the darkness across the desert.

of fresh camels awaited them, and upon these they travelled, keeping a day's march westward of the Nile. Thence they passed through the desert country of the Ababdeh, and came in sight of a broad grey tract stretching across their path.

"The road from Berber to Merowi," said Abou Fatma. "North of it we turn east to the river. We cross that road to-night, and if God wills, to-morrow evening we shall have crossed the Nile."

"If God wills," said Trench. "If only He wills," and he glanced about him in a fear which only increased the nearer they drew towards safety. They were in a country traversed by the caravans. It was no longer safe to travel by day. They dismounted, and all that day they lay hidden behind a belt of shrubs upon some high ground and watched the road and the people like specks moving along it. They came down and crossed it in the darkness, and for the rest of that night travelled hard towards the river. As the day broke Abou Fatma again bade them halt. They were in a desolate open country, whereon the smallest projection was magnified by the surrounding flatness. Feversham and Trench gazed eagerly to their right. Somewhere in that direction and within the range of their eyesight flowed the Nile, but they could not see it.

"We must build a circle of stones," said Abou Fatma, "and you must lie close to the ground within it. I will go forward to the river, and see that the boat is ready and that our friends are prepared for us. I shall come back after dark."

"Listen!" said Trench, and both men as they strained their ears heard the soft padding of camels very near at hand. A moment later a low whistle brought them out of their shelter.

"We are here," said Feversham, quietly.

An Escape from Omdurman.

4. Safe at Last.

"God be thanked!" said Abou Fatma. "I have good news for you and bad news too. The boat is ready, our friends are waiting for us, camels are prepared for you on the caravan track by the river bank to Abu Hamed. But your escape is known, and the roads and the ferries are closely watched. Before sunrise we must have struck inland from the eastern bank of the Nile."

They crossed the river cautiously about one o'clock of the morning, and sank the boat upon the far side of the stream. The camels were waiting for them, and they travelled inland and more slowly than suited the anxiety of the fugitives. For the ground was thickly covered with boulders, and the camels could seldom proceed at any pace faster than a walk. And all through the next day they lay hidden again within a ring of stones while the camels were removed to some high ground where they could graze. During the next night, however, they made good progress,



SAFE AT LAST

see those four slanting stars! I tell you, Feversham, this is the first moment when I have really dared to think that we should escape."

Both men sat up and watched the southern sky with prayers of thankfulness in their hearts; and when they fell asleep it was only to wake up again and again with a fear that they would after all still see that constellation blazing low down towards the earth, and to fall asleep again confident of the issue of their desert ride. At the end of seven days they came to Shof-el-Ain, a tiny well set in a barren valley between featureless ridges, and by the side of that well they camped. They were in the country of the Amrab Arabs, and had come to an end of their peril.

"We are safe," cried Abou Fatma. "God is good. Northwards to Assouan, westwards to Wadi Halfa, we are safe!"

A. E. W. MASON.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.)

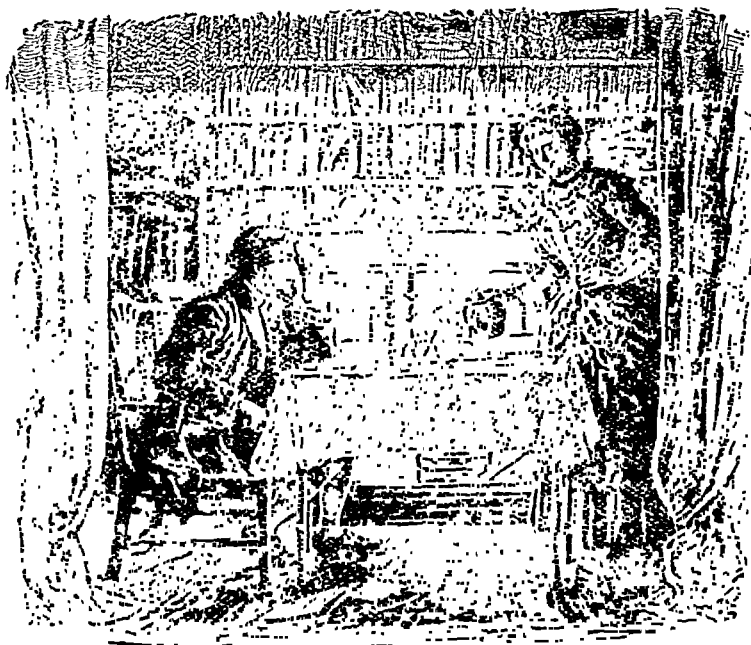
and coming to the groves of Abu Hamed in two days, rested for twelve hours there and mounted upon a fresh relay. From Abu Hamed their road lay across the great Nubian Desert.

Nowadays the traveller may journey through the two hundred and forty miles of that waterless plain of coal-black rocks and yellow sand, and sleep in his berth upon the way. The morning will show to him, perhaps, a tent, a great pile of coal, a water-tank, and a number painted on a white signboard, and the stoppage of the train will inform him that he has come to a station. Let him put his head from the window, he will see the long line of telegraph poles reaching from the sky's rim behind him to the sky's rim in front, and huddling together, as it seems, with less and less space between them the farther they are away. Twelve hours will enclose the beginning and the end of his journey, unless the engine break down or the rail be blocked. But in the days when Feversham and Trench escaped from Omdurman progression was not so easy a matter. They kept eastward of the present railway and along the line of wells among the hills. And on the second night of this stage of their journey Trench shook Feversham by the shoulder and waked him up.

"Look," he said, and he pointed to the south. "To-night there's no Southern Cross." His voice broke with emotion. "For six years, for every night of six years, until this night, I have seen the Southern Cross. How often have I lain awake watching it, wondering whether the night would ever come when I should not

greater interest was at stake ; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms : hurrying to and fro : trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad : darkness and lights : tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells ! and with a sigh, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY IN HIS COTTAGE AT GRASMERE.

A Dream.

[THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859) was an English essayist. His best known work is *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, in which he describes the experiences he passed through after having given way to the passion for opium. The following passage gives an account of an opium dream.]

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies.

The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I know not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue.

I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive.

Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some

A Strange Lodging.

(Illustrations by Gordon Browne.)

[This passage is taken from Charles Dickens' novel, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, in which he describes the sorrows of a little girl who wanders about the country to take care of her grandfather, whose mind has been enfeebled by old age and misfortune.]

1. An Unexpected Friend.

(Little Nell and her grandfather had come to the Black Country—the region of coal-pits and furnaces, where villages and towns are so close together that it is practically one great town. They have had so many refusals when they sought for lodgings one very rainy night that they fear they may not be able to sleep under a roof that night.)

“If we were in the country now,” said the child, with assumed cheerfulness, as they walked on, looking about them for a shelter, “we should find some good old tree, stretching out his green arms as if he loved us, and nodding and rustling as if he would have us fall asleep, thinking of him while he watched. Please God, we shall be there soon—to-morrow or next day at the farthest—and in the meantime let us think, dear, that it was a good thing we came here; for we are lost in the crowd and hurry of this place, and if any cruel people should pursue us, they could surely never trace us further. There’s comfort in that. And here’s a deep old doorway—very dark, but quite dry, and warm too, for the wind don’t blow in here. What’s that?”

Sundered Friendship.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834) was one of the three "Lake Poets"—Wordsworth and Southey being the others. He wrote many beautiful poems, besides philosophical and critical works in prose. Among his works are *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, from which this is taken, and many shorter poems, and *The Friend*, *Biographia Literaria*, etc., in prose.]

Alas! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother :
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
 A dreary sea now flows between,—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Uttering a half shriek, she recoiled from a black figure which came suddenly out of the dark recess in which they were about to take refuge, and stood still looking at them.

"Speak again," it said; "do I know the voice?"

"No," replied the child timidly; "we are strangers, and having no money for a night's lodging, were going to rest here."

There was a feeble lamp at no great distance; the only one in the place, which was a kind of square yard, but sufficient to show how poor and mean it was. To this the figure beckoned them; at the same time drawing within its rays, as if to show that it had no desire to conceal itself, or take them at an advantage.

The form was that of a man, miserably clad and begrimed with smoke, which, perhaps by its contrast with the natural colour of his skin, made him look paler than he really was. That he was naturally of a very wan and pallid aspect, however, his hollow cheeks, sharp features, and sunken eyes, no less than a certain look of patient endurance, sufficiently testified. His voice was harsh by nature, but not brutal; and though his face, besides possessing the characteristics already mentioned, was overshadowed by a quantity of long, dark hair, its expression was neither ferocious nor bad.

"How came you to think of resting here?" he said. "Or how," he added, looking more attentively at the child, "do you come to want a place of rest at this time of night?"



AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

They had proceeded thus, in silence, for some quarter of an hour, and had lost sight of the glare to which he had pointed, in the dark and narrow ways by which they had come, when it suddenly burst upon them again, streaming up from the high chimney of a building close before them.

"This is the place," he said, pausing at a door to put Nell down and take her hand. "Don't be afraid. There's nobody here will harm you."

A Strange Lodging.

2. In a Foundry.

It needed a strong confidence in this assurance to induce them to enter, and what they saw inside did not diminish their apprehension and alarm. In a large and lofty building, supported by pillars of iron, with great black apertures in the upper walls, open to the external air—echoing to the roof with the beating of hammers and roar of furnaces, mingled with the hissing of red-hot metal plunged in water, and a hundred strange unearthly noises never heard elsewhere,—in this gloomy place, moving like demons among the flame and smoke, dimly and fitfully seen, flushed and tormented by the burning fires, and wielding great weapons, a faulty blow with any of which must have crushed some workman's skull, a number of men laboured like giants. Others, reposing upon heaps of coals or ashes, with their faces turned to

A Strange Lodging

"Our misfortunes," the grandfather answered, "are the cause."

"Do you know," said the man, looking still more earnestly at Nell, "how wet she is, and that the damp streets are not a place for her?"

"I know it well, God help me!" he replied. "What can I do?"

The man looked at Nell again, and gently touched her garments, from which the rain was running off in little streams. "I can give you warmth," he said, after a pause; "nothing else. Such lodging as I have is in that house," pointing to the doorway from which he had emerged; "but she is safer and better there than here. The fire is in a rough place, but you can pass the night beside it safely, if you'll trust yourselves to me. You see that red light yonder?"

They raised their eyes and saw a lurid glare hanging in the dark sky—the dull reflection of some distant fire.

"It's not far," said the man. "Shall I take you there? You were going to sleep upon cold bricks; I can give you a bed of warm ashes—nothing better."

Without waiting for any further reply than he saw in their looks, he took Nell in his arms, and bade the old man follow.

Carrying her as tenderly, and as easily too, as if she had been an infant, and showing himself both swift and sure of foot, he led the way through what appeared to be the poorest and most wretched quarter of the town; not turning aside to avoid the overflowing kennels or running waterspouts, but holding his course, regardless of such obstructions, and making his way straight through them.

found herself protected, both from any cold air that might find its way into the building, and from the scorching heat, by some of the workmen's clothes; and glancing at their friend, saw that he sat in exactly the same attitude, looking with a fixed earnestness of attention towards the fire, and keeping so very still that he did not even seem to breathe. She lay in the state between sleeping and waking, looking so long at his motionless figure that at length she almost feared he had died as he sat there; and softly rising and drawing close to him, ventured to whisper in his ear.

He moved, and glancing from her to the place she had lately occupied, as if to assure himself that it was really the child so near him, looked inquiringly into her face.

"I feared you were ill," she said. "The other men are all in motion, and you are so very quiet."

"They leave me to myself," he replied. "They know my humour. They laugh at me, but don't harm me in it. See yonder there—that's *my* friend."

"The fire?" said the child.

"It has been alive as long as I have," the man made answer. "We talk and think together all night long."

The child glanced quickly at him in her surprise; but he had turned his eyes in their former direction, and was musing as before.

"It's like a book to me," he said—"the only book I ever learned to read—and many an old story it tells me. It's music, for I should know its name among a thousand, and there are other voices in its roar. It has its pictures too. You don't know how many strange faces and

A Strange Lodging

the black vault above, slept or rested from their toil. Others again, opening the white-hot furnace-doors, cast fuel on the flames, which came rushing and roaring forth to meet it, and licked it up like oil. Others drew forth, with clashing noise, upon the ground, great sheets of glowing steel, emitting an insupportable heat, and a dull deep light like that which reddens in the eyes of savage beasts.

Through these bewildering sights and deafening sounds their conductor led them to where, in a dark portion of the building, one furnace burnt by night and day—so, at least, they gathered from the motion of his lips, for as yet they could only see him speak, not hear him. The man who had been watching this fire, and whose task was ended for the present, gladly withdrew, and left them with their friend, who, spreading Nell's little cloak upon a heap of ashes, and showing her where she could hang her outer clothes to dry, signed to her and the old man to lie down and sleep. For himself, he took his station on a rugged mat before the furnace-door, and resting his chin upon his hands, watched the flame as it shone through the iron chinks, and the white ashes as they fell into their bright hot grave below.

The warmth of her bed, hard and humble as it was, combined with the great fatigue she had undergone, soon caused the tumult of the place to fall with a gentler sound upon the child's tired ears, and was not long in lulling her to sleep. The old man was stretched beside her, and with her hand upon his neck she lay and dreamed.

It was yet night when she awoke, nor did she know how long or for how short a time she had slept. But she

different scenes I trace in the red-hot coals. It's my memory, that fire, and shows me all my life."

The child, bending down to listen to his words, could not help remarking with what brightened eyes he continued to speak and muse.

"Yes," he said, with a faint smile, "it was the same when I was quite a baby, and crawled about it till I fell asleep. My father watched it then."

"Had you no mother?" asked the child.

"No, she was dead. Women work hard in these parts. She worked herself to death, they told me; and as they said so then, the fire has gone on saying the same thing ever since. I suppose it was true. I have always believed it."

"Were you brought up here, then?" said the child.

"Summer and winter," he replied. "Secretly at first; but when they found it out, they let him keep me here. So the fire nursed me—the same fire. It has never gone out."

"You are fond of it?" said the child.

"Of course I am. He died before it. I saw him fall down—just there, where those ashes are burning now—and wondered, I remember, why I didn't help him."

"Have you been here ever since?" asked the child.

"Ever since I came to watch it; but there was a while between, and a very cold dreary while it was. It burned all the time though, and roared and leaped when I came back, as it used to do in our play days. You may guess, from looking at me, what kind of child I was; but for all the difference between us I *was* a child, and when I saw you in the street to-night, you



IN THE FOUNDRY.

She told him that they sought some distant country place, remote from towns or even other villages, and with a faltering tongue inquired what road they would do best to take.

"I know little of the country," he said, shaking his head, "for such as I pass all our lives before our furnace doors, and seldom go forth to breathe. But there *are* such places yonder."

"And far from here?" said Nell.

"Ay, surely. How could they be near us, and be green and fresh? The road lies, too, through miles and miles, all lighted up by fires like ours—a strange black road, and one that would frighten you by night."

"We are here, and must go on," said the child boldly, for she saw that the old man listened with anxious ears to this account.

"Rough people—paths never made for little feet like yours—a dismal, blighted way—is there no turning back, my child?"

"There is none," cried Nell, pressing forward. "If you can direct us, do. If not, pray do not seek to turn us from our purpose. Indeed, you do not know the danger that we shun, and how right and true we are in flying from it, or you would not try to stop us—I am sure you would not."

"God forbid if it is so!" said their uncouth protector, glancing from the eager child to her grandfather, who hung his head and bent his eyes upon the ground. "I'll direct you from the door, the best I can. I wish I could do more."

He showed them, then, by which road they must leave

A Strange Lodging

put me in mind of myself as I was after he died, and made me wish to bring you to the fire. I thought of those old times again when I saw you sleeping by it. You should be sleeping now. Lie down again, poor child, lie down again!"

With that he led her to her rude couch, and covering her with the clothes with which she had found herself enveloped when she woke, returned to his seat, whence he moved no more unless to feed the furnace, but remained motionless as a statue. The child continued to watch him for a little time, but soon yielded to the drowsiness that came upon her, and in the dark strange place and on the heap of ashes slept as peacefully as if the room had been a palace chamber, and the bed a bed of down.

A Strange Lodging.

3. Next Morning.

When she awoke again, broad day was shining through the lofty openings in the walls, and, stealing in slanting rays but midway down, seemed to make the building darker than it had been at night. The clang and tumult still going on, and the remorseless fires were burning as before; for few changes of night and day rest or quiet there.

His friend parted his breakfast—a scanty mess of some coarse bread—with the child and her mother, and inquired whither they were going.

Craven.

(Mobile Bay, 1864.)

[SIR HENRY NEWBOLT writes many stirring and patriotic poems. *Drake's Drum*, *Admirals All*, *Vitai Lampada*, *The School at War*, etc. The poem given here describes a gallant deed of self-sacrifice in the American Civil War.]

Over the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and
flame ;

Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign ;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming ; the monitor hung
Beating the stream ; the roar for a moment hushed,
Craven spoke to the pilot ; slow she swung ;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank ;
She turned but a yard too short ; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and
sank.

A Strange Lodging

the town, and what course they should hold when they had gained it. He lingered so long on these instructions, that the child, with a fervent blessing, tore herself away, and stayed to hear no more.

But before they had reached the corner of the lane the man came running after them, and pressing her hand, left something in it—two old, battered, smoke-encrusted penny pieces. Who knows but they shone as brightly in the eyes of angels as golden gifts that have been chronicled on tombs?

And thus they separated : the child to lead her sacred charge farther from guilt and shame ; the labourer to attach a fresh interest to the spot where his guests had slept, and read new histories in his furnace fire.

CHARLES DICKENS.



The Battle of Trafalgar.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843) was one of the three "Lake Poets," Wordsworth and Coleridge being the others. The best known of his longer poems are *Thalaba the Destroyer*, *Madoc*, and *The Curse of Kehama*. Besides these he wrote many short poems. He was also a prose writer, his chief prose works being *The Life of Nelson* and *The Life of Wesley*. The following extract is from *The Life of Nelson*.]

1. The Beginning of the Battle.

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen: he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which he gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered,

Over the manhole, up in the iron-clad tower,
 Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly :
 The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
 For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream : Craven spoke,
 Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's pride,
 "After you, Pilot : " the pilot woke,
 Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

*All men praise the deed and the manner, but we—
 We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
 The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
 The grace of the empty hands and promises loud :*

*Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
 Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
 Lucas¹ crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
 Outram coveting right before command :*

*These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
 These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
 Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
 Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.*

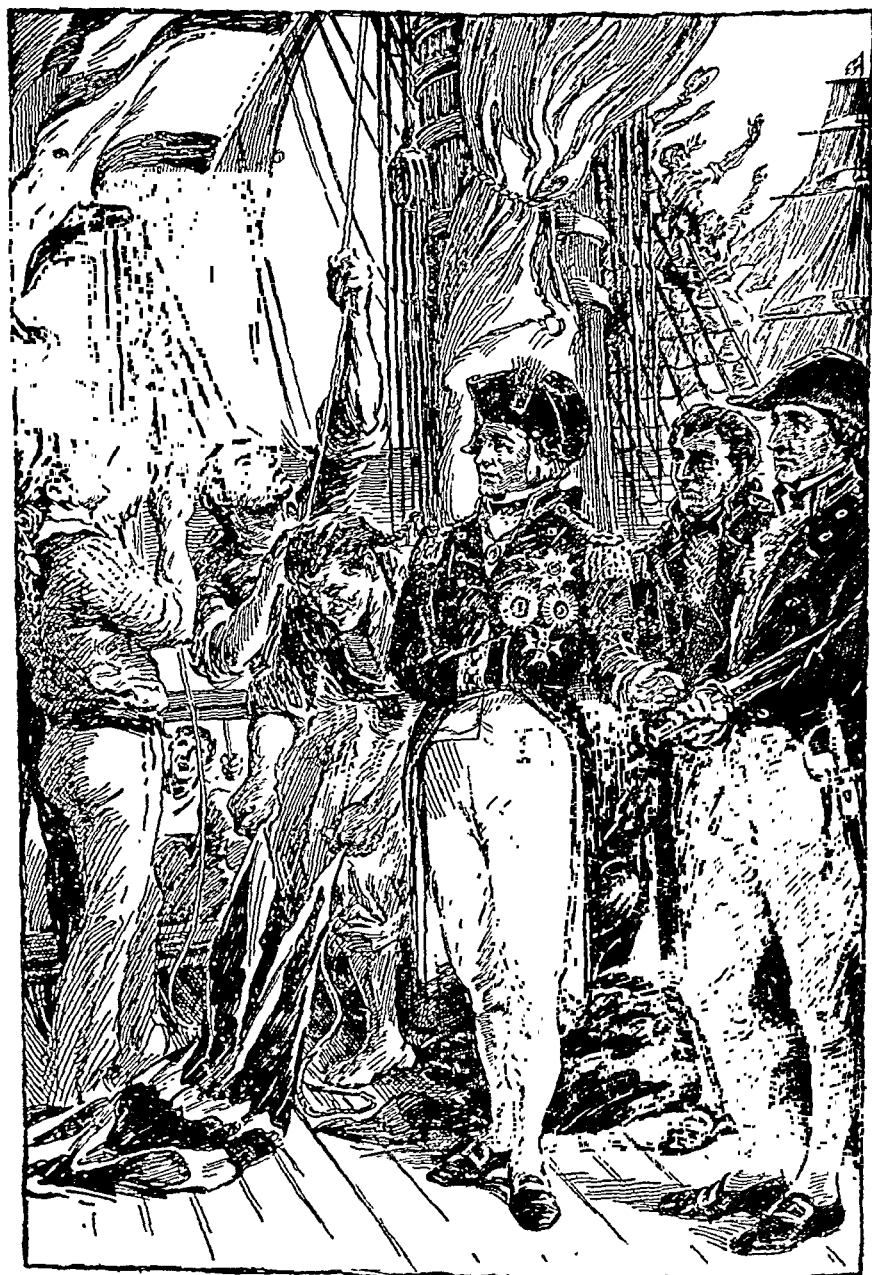
SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

*(By kind permission of the author from "Poems, New and Old,"
 published by John Murray.)*

Lucas was one of the officers taken prisoners by Tippoo Sahib. He bore the burden of two sets of fetters in order that another, suffering from fever, might not have any.

that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat



HOISTING THE SIGNAL.
(Specially drawn for this book by Michael Brown.)

splendour of the spectacle, and in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead !

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood, each leading his line ; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, “God bless you, Blackwood ; I shall never see you again.”

Nelson’s column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood’s in order to cut off the enemy’s escape into Cadiz. The lee line, therefore,

him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead.

Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable, but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the

broad-sides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson as usual had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!"

Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other: each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said: "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, so soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The Battle of Trafalgar.

2. The Heat of the Fight.

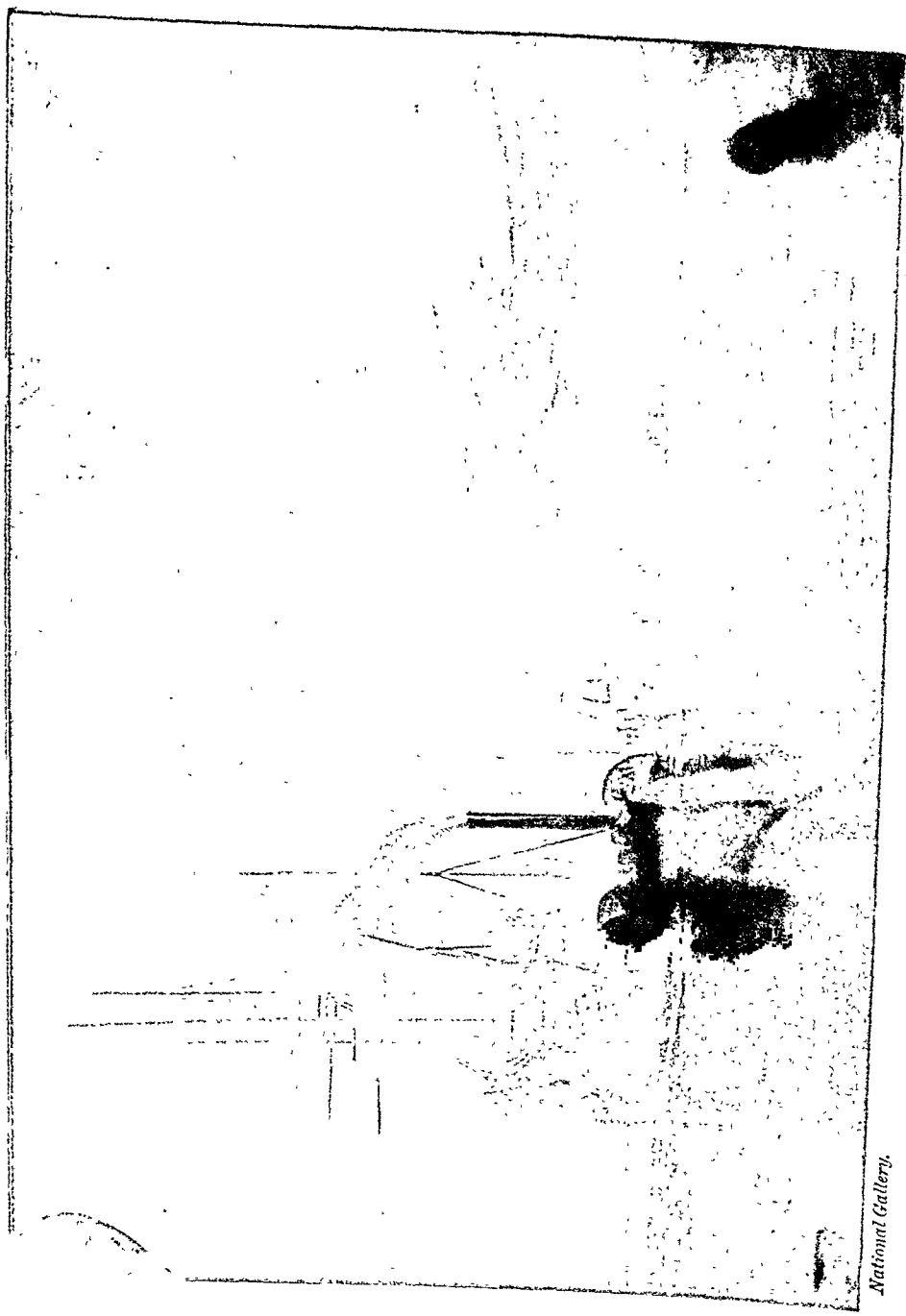
The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory* till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant sail; then they opened their

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her maintopmast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's lines without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable* just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower-deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the side; another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way.



THE HEAT OF THE FIGHT.



William Turner, R.A.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

National Gallery.

The lieutenants of the *Victory* seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*; and because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the firemen of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

The Battle of Trafalgar.

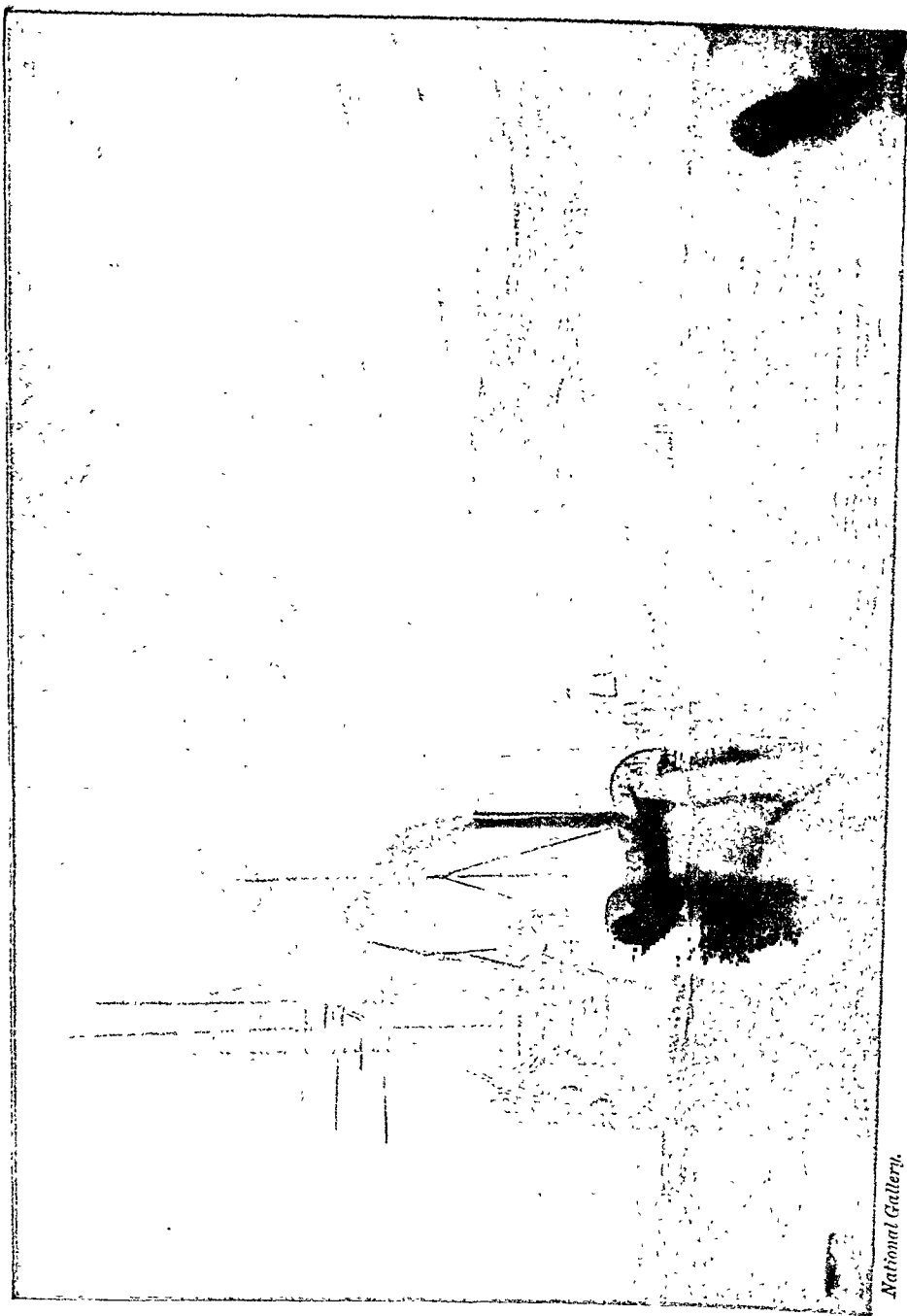
3. The Death of Nelson.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a

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intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to express the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied, "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain

quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through!"

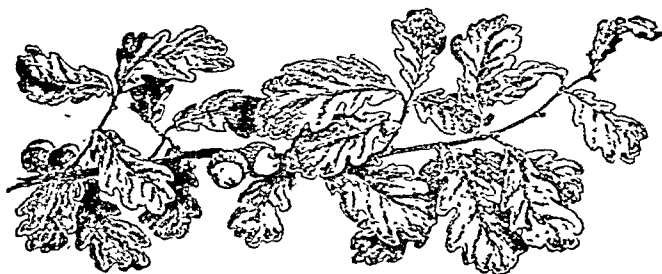
Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed as they were carrying him down the ladder that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful, "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently give him lemonade to alleviate his

kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words that he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well!" cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a strong voice he said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "Do you anchor."

His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice: "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then turning to Hardy: "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and



2. Buonaparte.

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
 Madman ! to chain with chains, and bind with bands
 That island queen who sways the floods and lands
 From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
 When from her wooden walls,—lit by sure hands,—
 With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,—
 Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
 Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
 We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
 Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
 Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
 Flamed over : at Trafalgar yet once more
 We taught him : late he learned humility
 Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briers.

TENNYSON.

Two Sonnets on Napoleon.

1. 1801.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) was the greatest of the three "Lake Poets," the other two being Coleridge and Southey. He wrote many short poems, among them being much of his best work. Longer poems are the *Excursion*, *The Ode to Duty*, *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.]

I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
 And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires
 To genuine greatness but from just desires,
 And knowledge such as *he* could never gain?
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
 The governor who must be wise and good,
 And temper with the sternness of the brain
 Thoughts motherly and meek as womanhood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
 Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
 By which true sway doth mount; this is the stalk
 True power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

more and more favourable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. When Jos reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly, than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

Brussels in Waterloo Week.

(Illustrations by Charles E. Brock.)

1. News of Battle.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was a great novelist and essayist of the earlier part of the reign of Queen Victoria. His works are marked both by somewhat cynical pictures of common faults and follies, and also by very real pathos. *Vanity Fair*, from which the following extract is taken, is one of the most cynical, but the passage given shows something of Thackeray's power of pathos. Other works are *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *Esmond*, *Pendennis*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *The Paris Sketchbook*, *The Irish Sketchbook*, *The Book of Snobs*, *The Four Georges*.]

(The part of *Vanity Fair* in which this passage occurs tells how Mrs. O'Dowd, Mrs. George Osborne, and the latter's brother Jos Sedley, a retired Indian civil servant, are in Brussels with the regiment, which is commanded by Major O'Dowd and in which Captain Osborne is an officer. The regiment has marched with the rest of the army to meet the advancing French, and rumours of defeat are brought back to the city. At last comes reliable news that, instead of being defeated, the British have gained a victory at Quatre Bras.)

Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggon and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing; it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!” cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. “I’m to be taken in here,” he said. “Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you.” This young fellow’s thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed



NEWS OF BATTLE.

down the French Lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her; and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet.

in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed up-stairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayers she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on his horse's carcass. It was Captain Osborne that cut

her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath. She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

All that day from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen

The French had been repulsed, certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought, under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful.

Brussels in Waterloo Week.

2. The Sound of the Guns.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet, and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilet, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

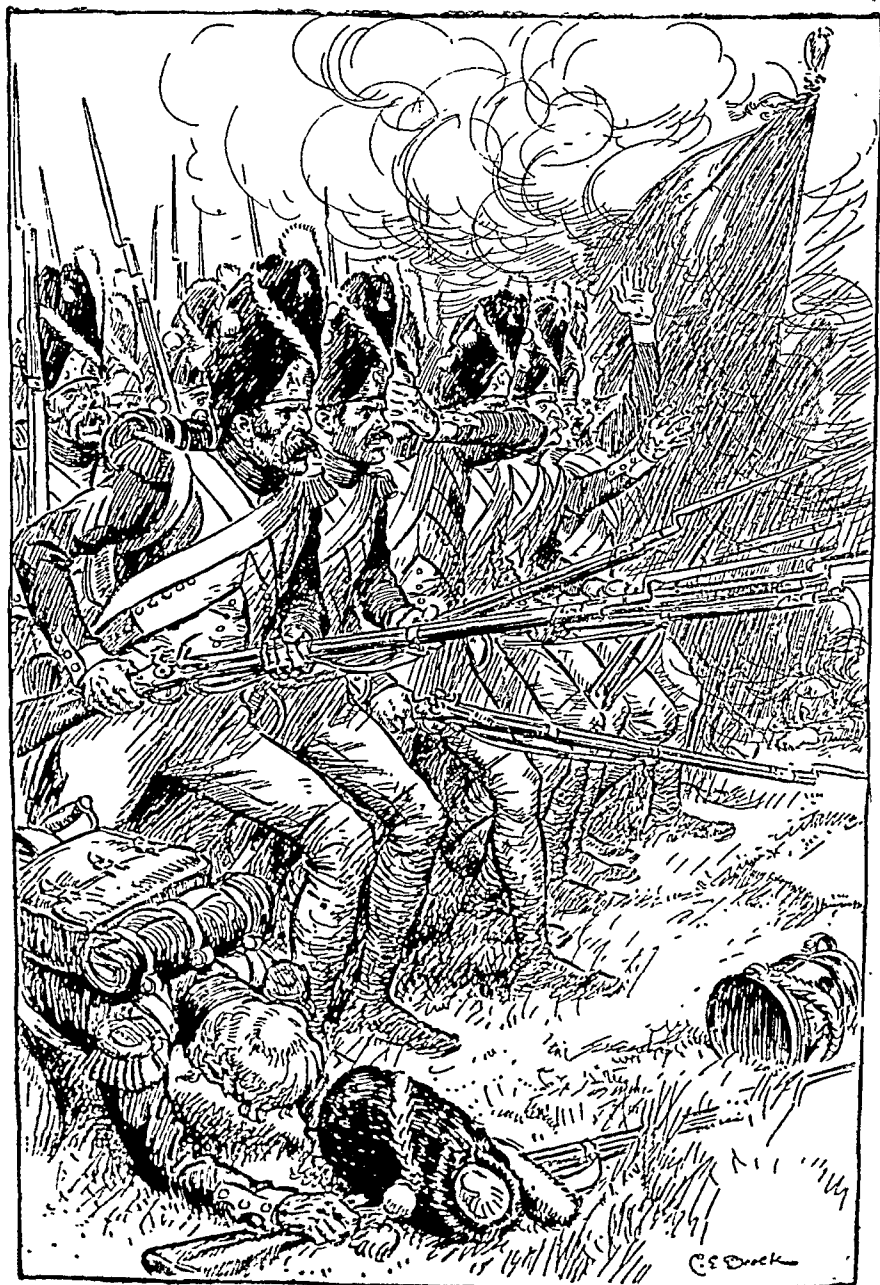
When she returned she brought her prayer-book with

might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last. The columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



THE FRENCH GUARD AT WATERLOO.

"You see, my friend, in England I become an Englishman," continued the Prince. "To-morrow is Sunday, and you will see!"¹ I hear the bell, dress thyself for the dinner, my friend!" Here there was another squeeze of both hands from the good-natured fellow. "It do good to my 'art to 'ave you in my 'ouse! Heuh!" He hugged his guest; he had tears in his eyes as he performed this droll, this kind embrace. Not less kind in her way, though less expansive and *embrasive*, was Madame de Montcontour to my wife, as I found on comparing notes with that young woman, when the day's hospitalities were ended. The little Princess trotted from bedchamber to nursery to see that everything was made comfortable for her guests. She sate and saw the child washed and put to bed. She had never beheld such a little angel. She brought it a fine toy to play with. She and her grim old maid frightened the little creature at first, but it was very speedily reconciled to their countenances. She was in the nursery almost as early as the child's mother. "Ah!" sighed the poor little woman, "how happy you must be to have one." In fine, my wife was quite overcome by her goodness and welcome.

Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast, when we went to Church, a white great-coat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect.

¹ *En Angleterre je me fais Anglais. vois tu, mon ami; Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir.*

A Frenchman in England.

(The following passage describes the attempt of a Frenchman—the Prince de Montcontour, often spoken of by his friends by his other title of Comte de Florac—to adopt English ways when he comes to live at the house of his wife—an Englishwoman—at the town of Newcome. The story is told by Arthur Pendennis, who with his wife has been invited to visit the Prince and Princess. The time is the early part of the nineteenth century.)

I have seen nothing more amusing, odd, and pleasant than Florac at this time of his prosperity. We arrived on a Saturday evening. We were conducted to our comfortable apartments; with crackling fires blazing on the hearths, and every warmth of welcome. Florac expanded and beamed with good-nature. He shook me many times by the hand; he patted me; he called me his good, his brave. He cried to his *maitre-d'hôtel*,¹ “Frédéric, remember Monsieur is master here! Run before his orders. Prostrate thyself to him. He was good to me in the days of my misfortune. Hearest thou, Frédéric? See that everything be done for Monsieur Pendennis—for Madame *his charming*² lady—for her angelic infant, and the *bonne*. None of thy garrison tricks with that young person, Frédéric! *old rascal*.² Beware of that, Frédéric; if not, I'll send you to Botany Bay; I'll bring you before the Lord Mayor.”³

¹ *Maitre-d'hôtel*, butler.

² Thackeray gives the words printed here in italics in French, *sa charmante; vieux scélérat*.

³ *Garde-toi de là, Frédéric, si non, je t'envoie à Botani Bay; je te traduis devant le Lord Maire.*

“Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king.”
We must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it?



The Burden of Greatness.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), the greatest writer of any country, was an English play-actor and play-writer who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. His works show more understanding of the most diverse kinds of men and women, and more power of representing them, than those of any one else have ever done. Among his plays are the tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*; the comedies, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and many historical plays. (The following passage is from *Henry V.*)]

(King Henry V., going in disguise among his soldiers the night before the Battle of Agincourt, hears some of them say that if they fall in battle the weight of their sins will lie upon the King and not on themselves. When he is by himself again he thinks over this severe doctrine.)

Two Glimpses of Dr. Johnson.

1. Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield.

[JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was a Scottish lawyer who lived in close intimacy with Dr. Johnson. Although he had many weaknesses, especially a lack of self-respect, which exposed him to much ridicule and deprived him of the esteem of many of those who knew him, Boswell had also great ability, and his *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, is the best biography ever written. His numerous other works are of little importance.]

Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his Lordship the plan of his dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation. Johnson himself told me that there never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that his lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him.

When the dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him, by writing two papers in *The World*, in recommendation of the work; and it must be confessed that they contain some studied compliments, so finely turned, that if there had been no

No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;
I am a king that find thee ; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd¹ title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread ;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell :
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

dictionary was coming out, he fell a-scribbling in *The World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

This is that celebrated letter of which so much has been said, and about which curiosity has been so long excited, without being gratified.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD.

February 7, 1775.

"My Lord,

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,¹ that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to

¹ The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

previous offence, it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise, in general, was pleasing to him ; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments, he was peculiarly gratified.

This courtly device failed of its effect. Johnson, who thought that "all was false and hollow," despised the



DR. JOHNSON.

honeyed words, and was even indignant that Lord Chesterfield should, for a moment, imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice. His expression to me concerning Lord Chesterfield, upon this occasion, was, "Sir, after making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me ; but when my

possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

“My Lord, your lordship’s most humble,

“Most obedient servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

Two Glimpses of Dr. Johnson.

2. Persuading Dr. Johnson.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men, than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some other gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. Pray,” said I, “let us have Dr. Johnson.”—“What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not

continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

“The shepherd in *Virgil* grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

“Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be

like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him."¹

JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, and what then? What care I for his *patriotic friends*? Poh!"

BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there."

JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to me, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally."

BOSWELL. "Pray forgive me, Sir; I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "who is that gentleman, Sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."

JOHNSON. "Too, too, too," (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings.

Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot* but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the Court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, Sir."

This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book

¹ Patriotic friends. At this time politicians of one party frequently referred to themselves as "patriots," and the term was satirically used by their opponents.

for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well."

DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded, that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes! Sir, I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch."

I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—"Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland."

JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him."

BOSWELL. "Provided, Sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you."

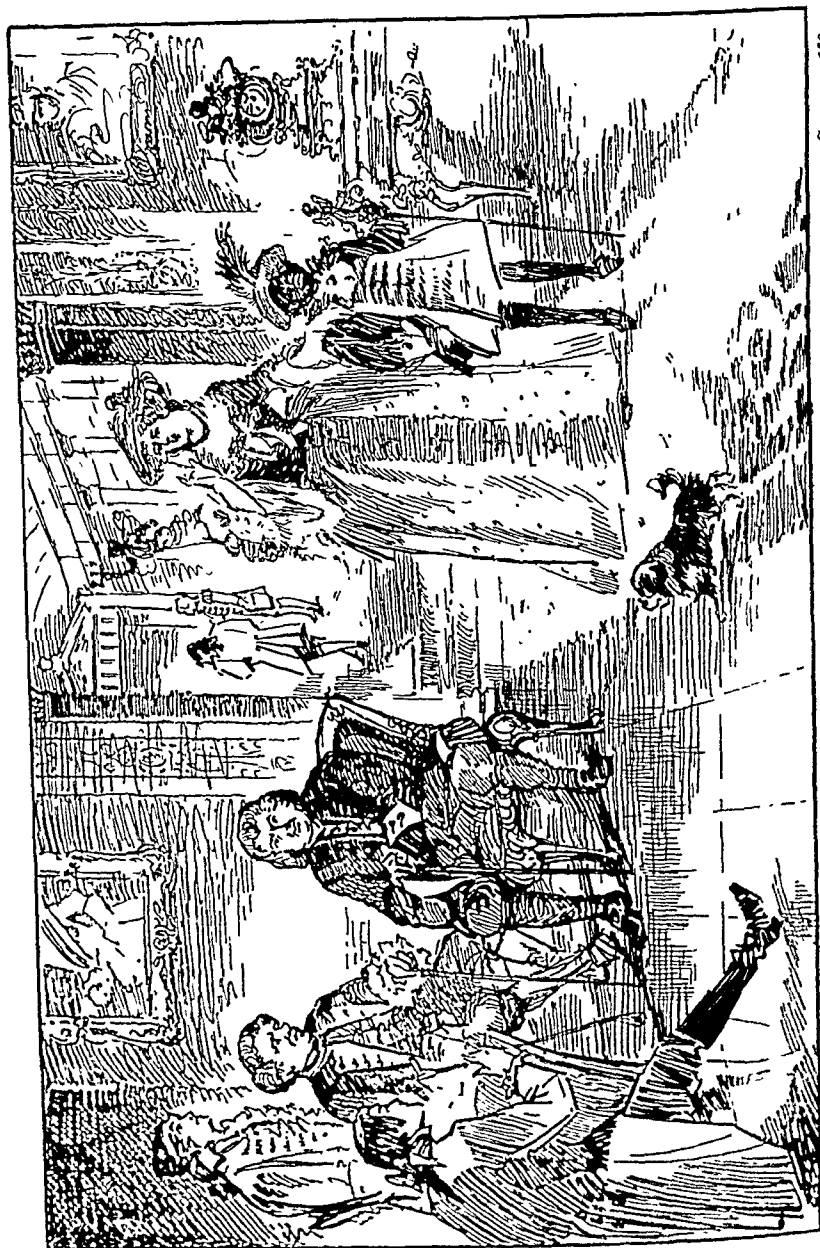
JOHNSON. "What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think that I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?"

BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not

sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye intently upon it for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill-humour. There were present—beside Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh—Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, Sir; —It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, Sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

JAMES BOSWELL.



IN THE ANTE-ROOM.

See page 160.

book did before, time and decay. Bozzy is really a wizard: he makes the sun stand still. Till his work is done the future stands respectfully aloof. Out of ever-shifting time he has made fixed and permanent certain years, and in these Johnson talks and argues, while Burke listens, and Reynolds takes snuff, and Goldsmith, with hollowed hand, whispers a sly remark to his neighbour. There have they sat, these ghosts, for seventy years now, looked at and listened to by the passing generations; and there they still sit, the one voice going on!

Smile at Boswell as we may, he was a spiritual phenomenon quite as rare as Johnson. More than most he deserves our gratitude. Let us hope that when next Heaven sends England a man like Johnson, a companion and listener like Boswell will be provided. The Literary Club¹ sits for ever. What if The Mermaid² were in like eternal session, with Shakespeare's laughter running through the fire and hail of wit!

¹ The Literary Club. Johnson belonged to it.

² The Mermaid was a tavern where the literary men of Shakespeare's time met for conversation.



Boswell's Johnson.

[ALEXANDER SMITH (1830-1867) was a poet and journalist.]

(In the essay from which this passage is taken the author speaks of a special shelf in his bookcase on which the principal English works written in the eighteenth century are to be found.)

As a matter of course on this special shelf of books will be found Boswell's "Life of Johnson"—a work in our literature unique, priceless. That altogether unvenerable yet profoundly-venerating Scottish gentleman,—that queerest mixture of qualities, of force and weakness, blindness and insight, vanity and solid worth, has written the finest book of its kind our nation possesses.

It is quite impossible to overstate its worth. You lift it, and immediately the intervening years disappear, and you are in the presence of the Doctor. You are made free of the last century as you are free of the present. You double your existence. The book is a letter of introduction to a whole knot of departed English worthies.

In virtue of Boswell's labours, we know Johnson—the central man of his time—better than Burke did, or Reynolds,—far better even than Boswell did. We know how he expressed himself, in what grooves his thoughts ran, how he dressed, how he ate, drank, and slept.

Boswell's unconscious art is wonderful and so is the result attained. This book has arrested, as never

Jephthah's Daughter.

(This passage is taken from *A Dream of Fair Women*. The poet imagines himself in a wood where he meets famous fair women of old who speak to him of what they have done and suffered. He sees Helen of Troy, Iphigenia, and Cleopatra. Then as Cleopatra departs he sees the daughter of Jephthah whose father, as we are told in the Book of Judges, had vowed that if he gained the victory he would sacrifice to God whatever met him first on his return. It was his only daughter who came to meet him, but when she heard of his vow she told him to fulfil it since the victory had been given to him. She asked only for two months' respite, and during that time she went about with other maidens of Israel, mourning her fate. Then, we are told, Jephthah "did with her according to his vow.")

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
 A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
 And singing clearer than the crested bird
 That claps his wings at dawn.

"The torrent brooks of hallowed Israel
 From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
 Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
 Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
 Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:
 All night the splintered crags that wall the dell
 With spires of silver shine."



201.
Robinson.

JEPTHAN'S DAUGHTER.

(Specially arranged for this book by T. H. Robinson.)

“Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
 Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
 Beneath the battled tower.

“The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
 We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
 We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
 Or, from the darkened glen,

“Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
 And thunder on the everlasting hills.

I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
 A solemn scorn of ills.

“When the next moon was rolled into the sky,
 Strength came to me that equalled my desire.
 How beautiful a thing it was to die
 For God and for my sire !

“It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
 That I subdued me to my father's will ;
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
 Sweetens the spirit still.

“Moreover it is written that my race
 Hewed Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
 On Arnon unto Minneth.” Here her face
 Glowed, as I looked at her.

She locked her lips : she left me where I stood :

“Glory to God,” she sang, and passed afar,
 Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
 Towards the morning-star.

TENNYSON.

Jephthah's Daughter

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor,

Within, and anthem sung, is charmed and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's towered gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth : "Heaven heads the count of
crimes

With that wild oath." She rendered answer high :
"Not so, nor once alone ; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,
Lowered softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

“Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
 Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
 Beneath the battled tower.

“The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
 We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
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unreasonable and ferocious. His son Frederick and his daughter Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth,¹ were in an especial manner objects of his aversion.

His own mind was uncultivated. He despised literature. He hated infidels, papists, and metaphysicians, and did not very well understand in what they differed from each other. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and to be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince, were to sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke, to sip Swedish beer between the puffs of the pipe, to play backgammon for three halfpence a rubber, to kill wild hogs, and to shoot partridges by the thousand.

The Prince Royal showed little inclination either for the serious employments or for the amusements of his father. He shirked the duties of the parade; he detested the fumes of tobacco; he had no taste either for backgammon or for field sports. He had an exquisite ear, and performed skilfully on the flute. His earliest instructors had been French refugees, and they had awakened in him a strong passion for French literature and French society. Frederick William regarded these tastes as effeminate and contemptible, and, by abuse and persecution, made them still stronger.

As Frederick grew up, the King suspected that his son was inclined to be a heretic of some sort or other, whether Calvinist or Atheist his Majesty did not very well know. The ordinary malignity of Frederick

¹ Baireuth, (pr. *By-roit'*) now part of Bavaria.

The Boyhood of Frederick the Great.

[THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859) was a distinguished essayist and historian of the nineteenth century. His greatest work is his *History of England*. Among other works are his *Essays*, on many different subjects, and his *Lays of Ancient Rome*.]

(The following passage is taken from Macaulay's essay, "Frederick the Great." Frederick the Great was the son of Frederick William, second King of Prussia, an eccentric man of violent temper although a skilful and economical ruler of his country.)

The history of his boyhood is painfully interesting. Oliver Twist in the parish workhouse, Smike at Dotheboys Hall, were petted children when compared with this heir apparent of a crown. The nature of Frederick William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented itself to right and left in curses and blows.

When his Majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning, administered on the spot.

But it was in his own house that he was most

William was bad enough. He now thought malignity a part of his duty as a Christian man, and all the conscience that he had stimulated his hatred. The flute was broken: the French books were sent out of the palace: the Prince was kicked and cudgelled, and pulled by the hair. At dinner the plates were hurled at his head: sometimes he was restricted to bread and water: sometimes he was forced to swallow food so nauseous that he could not keep it on his stomach. Once his father knocked him down, dragged him along the floor to a window, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him with the cord of the curtain.

The Queen, for the crime of not wishing to see her son murdered, was subjected to the grossest indignities. The Princess Wilhelmina, who took her brother's part, was treated almost as ill as Mrs. Brownrigg's¹ apprentices.

Driven to despair, the unhappy youth tried to run away. Then the fury of the old tyrant rose to madness. The Prince was an officer in the army: his flight was therefore desertion; and, in the moral code of Frederick William, desertion was the highest of all crimes. "Desertion," says this royal theologian, in one of his half-crazy letters, "is from hell. It is a work of the children of the Devil. No child of God could possibly be guilty of it."

An accomplice of the Prince, in spite of the recommendation of a court martial, was mercilessly put to death. It seemed probable that the Prince himself

¹ Mrs. Brownrigg cruelly murdered two of her apprentices.



THE DESERTERS.

The Passing of Arthur.

(Illustrations by T. H. Robinson.)

[SIR THOMAS MALORY lived about the times of the Wars of the Roses. He wrote a long book of legends concerning King Arthur and his Knights which he called *Le Morte Arthur*, i.e., the Death of Arthur. The following passage, in which the spelling and a few of the words have been modernized, tells of the last time King Arthur was seen by any one.]

(King Arthur, after a time of power and success during which he was served by a Round Table of brave knights, had to meet a rebellion raised by his nephew Mordred. He defeated and slew the traitor in a great battle by a lake, but he was himself badly wounded, and of all his knights only two survived the battle, the brothers Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere. Sir Lucan was mortally wounded and died shortly after the battle.)

Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

"Leave this mourning and weeping," said the King, "for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well if I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me ever more, but my time hieth fast," said the King. "Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water and come again and tell me what thou there see'st."

"My Lord," said Bedivere, "Your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

would suffer the same fate. It was with difficulty that the intercession of the States of Holland, of the Kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor of Germany¹ saved the House of Brandenburg² from the stain of an unnatural murder.

After months of cruel suspense, Frederick learned that his life would be spared. He remained, however, long a prisoner; but he was not on that account to be pitied. He found in his gaolers a tenderness which he had never found in his father; his table was not sumptuous, but he had wholesome food in sufficient quantity to appease hunger: he could read the *Illiade*³ without being kicked, and could play on his flute without having it broken over his head.

¹ Emperor of Germany, that is the ruler of Austria. The Emperor had been chosen from the House of Austria for three centuries.

² House of Brandenburg, the Prussian Royal house, the Hohenzollerns, the centre of whose dominions is Brandenburg.

³ *Henriade* (*añ-ree-ahd*) a play written by Voltaire.



The Passing of Arthur.

(Illustrations by T. H. Robinson.)

[SIR THOMAS MALORY lived about the times of the Wars of the Roses. He wrote a long book of legends concerning King Arthur and his Knights which he called *Le Morte Arthur*, i.e., the Death of Arthur. The following passage, in which the spelling and a few of the words have been modernized, tells of the last time King Arthur was seen by any one.]

(King Arthur, after a time of power and success during which he was served by a Round Table of brave knights, had to meet a rebellion raised by his nephew Mordred. He defeated and slew the traitor in a great battle by a lake, but he was himself badly wounded, and of all his knights only two survived the battle, the brothers Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere. Sir Lucan was mortally wounded and died shortly after the battle.)

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BEDIVERE CARRYING EXCALIBUR.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stonies, and then he said to himself "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the King and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What sawest thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the King.

"Therefore go thou lightly again and do my commandment as thou art to me lief and dear. Spare not but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand, and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword and returned again, and told again to the King that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

"What sawest thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing, but the waters wap and waves wan."

"Ah, traitor untrue!" said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that thou, that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword? But now, go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life. For I have taken cold, and but if thou do now as I bid thee, if



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BEDIVERE CARRYING EXCALIBUR.

shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here among my enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the Vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear.

And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge he wept and wailed, and so took the forest.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side and there he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King, and told him what he saw.

"Alas," said the King, "help me hence for I dread me I have tarried over long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back, and so went with him to that water side, and when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank, hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the King, and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning. And so they sat them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold."

And so then they rowed him from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all the ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what

The Passing of Arthur.

1. King Arthur's Last Command.

(King Arthur—so Tennyson tells us—came to undo wrong and to do justice, and to make his people, the sorely tried Britons, happy and prosperous. He instituted the Round Table, a company of brave knights, to help him, and for a time things went well. Then his knights began to be unfaithful, and his wife turned against him, and rebellion appeared. In the war that followed most of the knights, faithful and unfaithful, were slain. King Arthur's work was ruined, and he himself was sorely wounded in the last battle in Lyonesse. Now he had come to his people in a strange and wonderful manner, and this poem shows how he went from them in like manner.)

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :



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The Passing of Arthur

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”
 Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
 And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

(Sir Bedivere returned and told the king what had happened.)

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
 “ My end draws nigh ; ’tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

The Passing of Arthur.

2. The Casting away of the Sword.

(Sir Bedivere went to throw the sword into the lake, but the richness and beauty of the jewels on the hilt so worked on him that he hid the sword instead, thinking that so beautiful a thing should not be cast away. Having hidden the sword he returned to King Arthur, and, when the King sent him again, he did this a second time.)

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
 “What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

“I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

“Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widowed of the power in his eye
 That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :

And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan

The Passing of Arthur.

3. King Arthur's Farewell.

(Sir Bedivere took the king to the shore of the lake.)

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
 And called him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 "Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;

Hyder Ali and the Carnatic.

1. Macaulay's Account.

(Hyder Ali had made a treaty with the British by which they were bound to come to his assistance in time of need. When he appealed to them they refused to do so. This filled him with a bitter feeling against them, and he watched his opportunity for revenge.)

About thirty years before this time, a Mahomedan soldier had begun to distinguish himself in the wars of Southern India. His education had been neglected; his extraction was humble. His father had been a petty officer of revenue; his grandfather a wandering dervish. But though thus meanly descended, though ignorant even of the alphabet, the adventurer had no sooner been placed at the head of a body of troops than he proved himself a man born for conquest and command. Among the crowd of chiefs who were struggling for a share of India, none could compare with him in the qualities of the captain and the statesman. He became a general; he became a sovereign. Out of the fragments of old principalities, which had gone to pieces in the general wreck, he formed for himself a great, compact, and vigorous empire. That empire he ruled with the ability, severity, and vigilance of Lewis the Eleventh. Licentious in his pleasures, implacable in his revenge, he had yet enlargement of mind enough to perceive how much the prosperity of subjects adds to the strength of governments. He was an oppressor;

The Passing of Arthur

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON.



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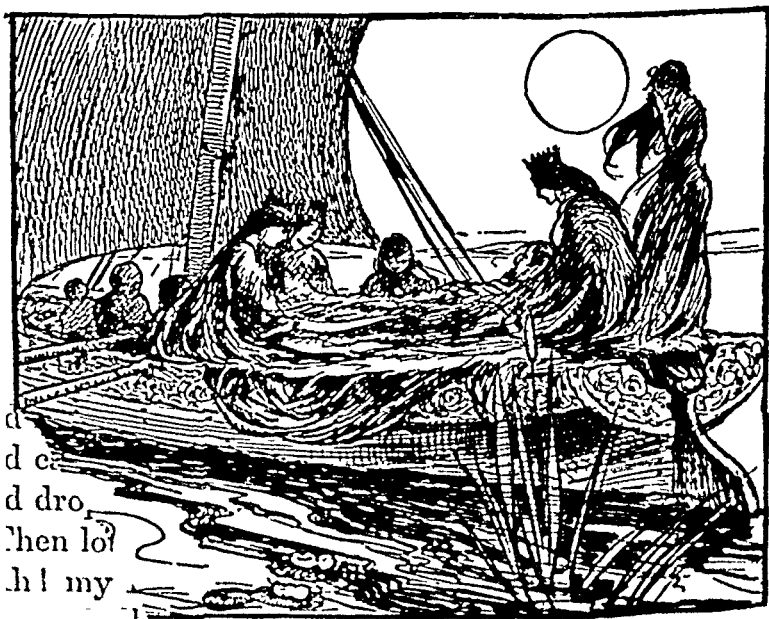
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of government and of trade, when the cool evening breeze springs up from the bay, were now left without inhabitants ; for bands of the fierce horsemen of Mysore had already been seen prowling among the tulip-trees, and near the gay verandas. Even the town was not thought secure, and the British merchants and public functionaries made haste to crowd themselves behind the cannon of Fort St. George.

LORD MACAULAY.

(From the *Essay on Warren Hastings*.)

Hyder Ali and the Carnatic.

2. Burke's Speech.

[EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797) was a great orator and essayist of the eighteenth century. Among his best known works are his essay on *The Sublime and Beautiful*, *Thoughts on the causes of the Present Discontents*, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, *Thoughts on the Prospect of a Regicide Peace*. The passage given below is from one of his speeches against Warren Hastings.]

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him

but he had at least the merit of protecting his people against all oppression except his own. He was now in extreme old age; but his intellect was as clear, and his spirit as high, as in the prime of manhood. Such was the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mahommedan kingdom of Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend.

Had Hastings been governor of Madras, Hyder would have been either made a friend, or vigorously encountered as an enemy. Unhappily the English authorities in the south provoked their powerful neighbour's hostility, without being prepared to repel it. On a sudden, an army of ninety thousand men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the table-land of Mysore to the plain of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe.

Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoy in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some by despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. The English inhabitants of Madras could already see by night, from the top of Mount St. Thomas, the eastern sky reddened by a vast semicircle of blazing villages. The white villas, to which our countrymen retire after the daily labours

of government and of trade, when the cool evening breeze springs up from the bay, were now left without inhabitants ; for bands of the fierce horsemen of Mysore had already been seen prowling among the tulip-trees, and near the gay verandas. Even the town was not thought secure, and the British merchants and public functionaries made haste to crowd themselves behind the cannon of Fort St. George.

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and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution.

Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor¹ which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were

¹ Meteor, sometimes applied to any phenomenon in the air.

swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.

I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum: these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

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Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor¹ which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were

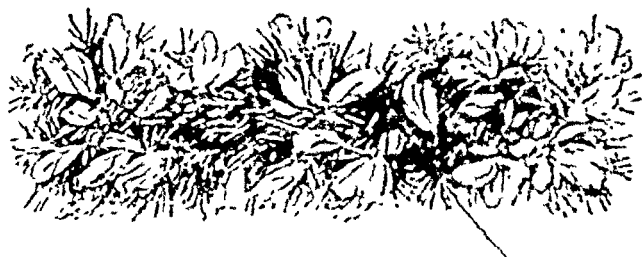
¹ Meteor, sometimes applied to any phenomenon in the air.

swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.

I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum: these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

EDMUND BURKE.

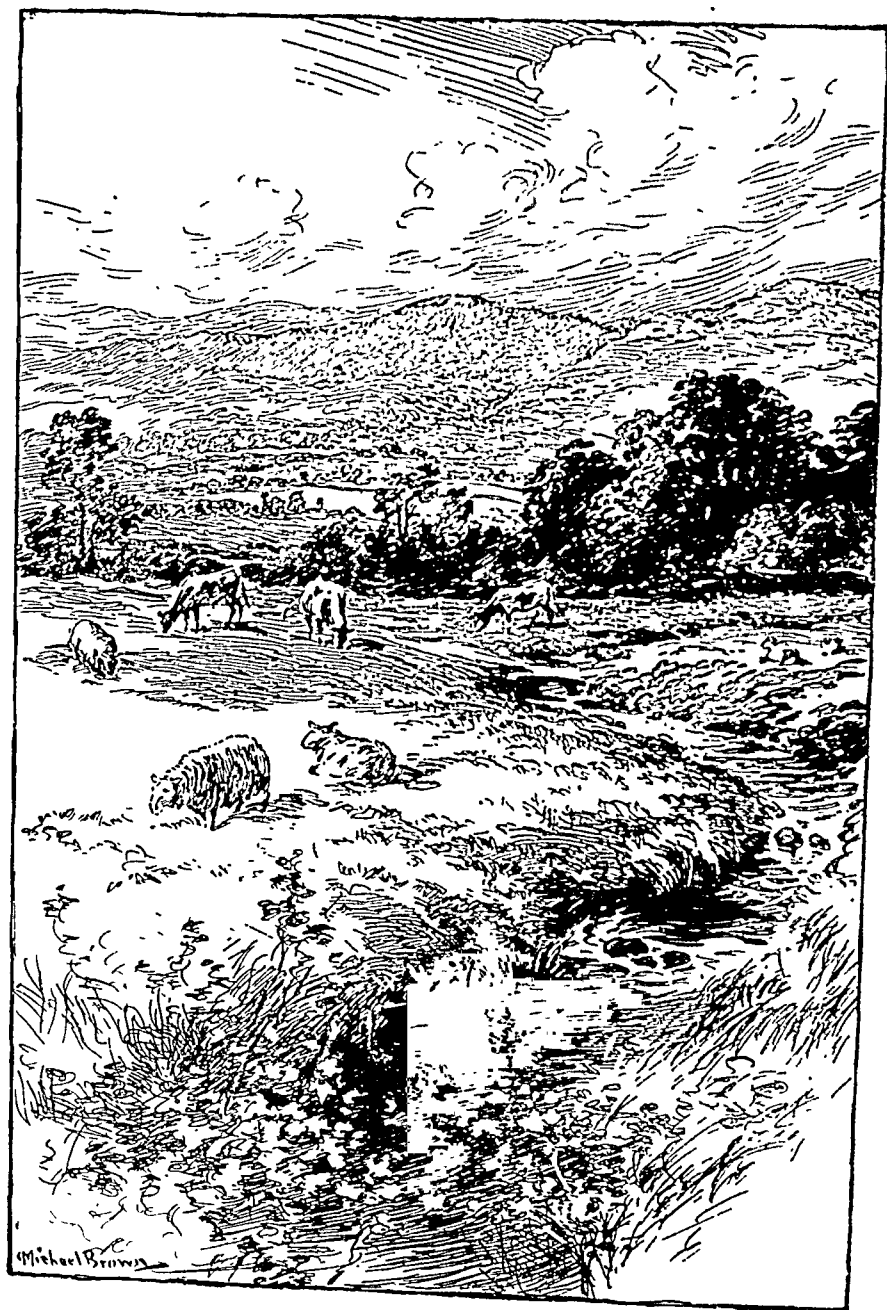


The Beauty of Grass.

[JOHN RUSKIN (1810-1900) was a great art critic and writer on social and moral subjects. Among his works are *Modern Painters*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *The Stones of Venice*, *Unto this Last*, *Sesame and Lilies*, *Ethics of the Dust*. This passage is taken from *Modern Painters*.]

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared-for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots.

And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by



Michael Brown

THE GRASS

companies "upon the green grass." He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the seed of the herb; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit for their sustenance; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man, to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth. And well does it fulfil its mission.

Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and failing in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust—pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all.

We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm. "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

There are also several lessons symbolically connected with this subject, which we must not allow to escape us. Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness*. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trodden on and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer

perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth—glowing with variegated flame of flowers—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colourless or leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.

JOHN RUSKIN.





Ulysses' Farewell to the Cyclops.

[HOMER is the name given to the author or authors of the two great Greek epic poems—*The Iliad* which describes part of the siege of Ilion or Troy, and *The Odyssey*, the subject of which is the wanderings of Odysseus or Ulysses on his return from Troy. According to one story, Homer was a blind man and was born at Smyrna; according to some critics the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were made up of separate poems composed by many bards, and collected into one whole in later times.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744) was a celebrated English poet who translated Homer. Other works of his are *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Dunciad*, *The Essay on Man*.]

(Ulysses, having ventured into the cave of the one-eyed giant Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops, blinds him and escapes with difficulty, after the Cyclop has eaten several of his companions. As his ship sails away he tauntingly tells him who it is that has overcome him.)

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear :
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
“Hear me, O Cyclop ! hear, ungracious host !

'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave ;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doomed to inflict : the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The god, the god revenges by my hands."

These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke :
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock ;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before ;
The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the shore,
The strong concussion of the heaving tide
Rolled back the vessel to the island's side :
Again I shoved her off : our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scaped impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrowed back the main,
Once more I raise my voice : my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design dissuade :
"What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke ?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again :
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scaped in vain."

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear :
"Cyclop ! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face ?

Say 'twas Ulysses ; 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' son of Ithaca the fair ;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renowned,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground."

The astonished savage with a roar replies :
"O heavens ! O faith of ancient prophecies !
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old ;
Skilled the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learned in all winged omens of the air)
Long since he menaced, such was fate's command ;
And named Ulysses as the destined hand."
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirled it round : it sung across the main :
It fell, and brushed the stern ; the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and reflux beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gained the island where our vessels lay.

HOMER'S *Odyssey*,
translated by ALEXANDER POPE

England in the Olden Days.

(Illustrations by Ambrose Dudley.)

[JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894) was an historian who wrote in Queen Victoria's reign. His longest and most famous book is *The History of England* (from 1529 to 1588). Others are *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, *The Divorce of Catherine of Arragon*, *The Spanish Story of the Armada*. He also wrote a *Life of Carlyle* and *The Life and Letters of Erasmus*, *Short Studies in Great Subjects*, and *Cæsar*, as well as a novel *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*. The passages given here are from the first chapter of *The History of England*.]

1. The Glory of Hospitality.

(During the Middle Ages changes had taken place very slowly both in England and in the rest of Europe. But the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, which scattered over Western Europe Greek scholars with their precious manuscripts of the great writers of ancient Greece, the discovery of America which opened up new lands to the people of Europe, and the great changes in religion which we know as the Reformation, led men in England as elsewhere to depart from their old habits in many different directions. In the opening chapter of his *History*, Froude describes England as it was before the change had fully begun. The extracts which follow are part of his description.)

The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal. There are two expressions corresponding one to the other, which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought

to be. We read of "Merry England";—when England was not merry, things were not going well with it. We hear of "the glory of hospitality," England's pre-eminent boast,—by the rules of which all tables, from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve, or question asked: to every man, according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging; bread, beef, and beer for his dinner; for his lodging, perhaps, only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow, but freely offered and freely taken, the guest probably faring much as his host fared, neither worse or better. There was little fear of an abuse of such license, for suspicious characters had no leave to wander at pleasure; and for any man found at large, and unable to give a sufficient account of himself, there were the ever-ready parish stocks or town gaol. The "glory of hospitality" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time; and then, as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the marvellous beautifying of the realm, but to the decay" of what he valued more.

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts; idleness, want and cowardice; and for the rest, carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the labourers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and



THE GLORY OF HOSPITALITY.

examined—if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the village cobbler made “unhonest” shoes, if servants and masters quarrelled, all was to be looked to by the justice; there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but coloured with a broad, rosy, English health.

England in the Olden Days.

2. The Guilds and their Work.

I have now to speak of the towns, of the trading classes and manufacturing classes. If the tendency of trade to assume at last a form of mere self-interest be irresistible, the nation spared no efforts, either of art or policy, to defer to the last moment the unwelcome conclusion.

The names and shadows linger about London of certain ancient societies, the members of which may still occasionally be seen in quaint gilt barges pursuing their own difficult way among the swarming steamers; when on certain days, the traditions concerning which are fast dying out of memory, the Fishmongers' Company, the Goldsmiths' Company, the Mercers' Company, make procession down the river for civic feastings at Greenwich or Blackwall. The stately

tokens of ancient honour still belong to them, and the remnants of ancient wealth and patronage and power. Their charters may be read by curious antiquaries, and the bills of fare of their ancient entertainments. But for what purpose they were called into being, what there was in these associations of common trades to surround with gilded insignia, and how they came to be possessed of broad lands and Church preferments, few people now care to think or to inquire. Trade and traders have no dignity any more in the eyes of any one, except what money lends to them; and these outward symbols scarcely rouse even a passing feeling of curiosity. And yet these companies were once something more than names. They are all which now remain of a vast organization which once penetrated the entire trading life of England—an organization set on foot to realize that most necessary, if most difficult, condition of commercial excellence under which man should deal faithfully with his brother, and all wares offered for sale, of whatever kind, should honestly be what they pretend to be.

Every occupation was treated as the division of an army; regiments being quartered in every town, each with its own self-elected officers, whose duty was to exercise authority over all persons professing the business to which they belonged; who were to see that no person undertook to supply articles which he had not been educated to manufacture; who were to determine the prices at which such articles ought justly to be sold; above all, who were to take care that the common people really bought at shops and stalls what they

supposed themselves to be buying; that cloth put up for sale was true cloth, of true texture and full weight; that leather was sound and well tanned: wine pure, measures honest; flour unmixed with devil's dust;—who were generally to look to it that in all contracts between man and man for the supply of man's necessities, what we call honesty of dealing should be truly and faithfully observed. An organization for this purpose did once really exist in England, really trying to do the work which it was intended to do, as half the pages of our early statutes witness.

No person was allowed to open a trade or to commence a manufacture, either in London or the provinces, unless he had first served his apprenticeship; unless he could prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he was competent in his craft; and unless he submitted as a matter of course to their supervision. The legislature had undertaken not to let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted, of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity; of compelling every man to do his duty in an honest following of his proper calling, securing to him that he in his turn should not be injured by his neighbour's misdoings.

The weak point of all such provisions did not lie, I think, in the economic aspect of them, but in a far deeper difficulty. The details of trade legislation, it is obvious, could only be determined by persons professionally conversant with those details; and the indispensable condition of success with such legislation is, that it be conducted under the highest sense of the obligations of



RECEIVING THE KING.

(Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London for the third time, receives King Henry V. to whom he lent money for the war.)

honesty. No laws are of any service which are above the working level of public morality; and the deeper they are carried down into life, the larger become the opportunities of evasion. That the system succeeded for centuries is evident from the organization of the companies remaining so long in its vitality.

England in the Olden Days.

3. The Passing of the Old Order.

A change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant

faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

(Slightly Abridged.)



Oliver Cromwell.

[EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1609-1674) was a follower of Charles I. and afterwards Prime Minister of Charles II. He wrote a *History of the Rebellion* from the Royalist standpoint.]

1. An Unfavourable Character of Cromwell.

He was one of those men, whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building.

What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, "he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded." Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion



CROMWELL EXPELLING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency,¹ notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the Humble Petition and Advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he

seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted¹ to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there was nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government," but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word,

¹ Indevoted, unfriendly.

as he was guilty of many crimes, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated ; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

LORD CLARENDON.

Oliver Cromwell.

[JOHN MILTON (1609-1674), the great poet of Puritanism, wrote *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, many *Sonnets* (of which one is here quoted), etc. He wrote one noble prose work *Areopagitica*, a plea for the freedom of the press addressed to Parliament, and many controversial works, which at the best are far below his other works and are unworthy of his lofty character. He died in poverty and blindness.]

2. To the Lord General Cromwell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who, through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resound thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still : peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war : new foes arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

Oliver Cromwell.

[THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a great historian and essayist. Among his works are *Sartor Resartus*, *Heroes and Hero Worship* (from which this passage is taken), *Past and Present*, *Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell*, *History of Frederick the Great*.]

3. A Favourable Character of Cromwell.

Oliver's life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay, can himself preach,—exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what "hypocrisy," "ambition," "cant," or other "falsity?" The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? "Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of death and eternity; it was at this point that he suddenly became "ambitious!" I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way!

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head

of him than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death-hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the "crowning mercy" of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshipping not God but their own "love-locks," frivolities and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his "place in History,"—place in History forsooth!—has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? We walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it!—Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The Patriot.

[ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889) is among the strongest of English poets, but his language frequently requires much study and sometimes is not clear even with study. Among his longer works are *The Ring and the Book*, *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, *Pippa Passes*, *King Victor and King Charles*, *Luria*. The short poem given below expresses Browning's idea of the fickleness and comparative worthlessness of popular favour for those who try to do good to their fellows.]

An Old Story.

I.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had
 A year ago on this very day.

II.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
 Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
 They had answered, "And afterwards, what else?"

III.

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep;
 Nought man could do, have I left undone :
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

IV.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

V.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

VI.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead,
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now instead,
"Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

ROBERT BROWNING.



A Desert Journey.

(Illustrations by Ambrose Dudley.)

[ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (1809-1891) wrote *Exothen*, a chatty account of travels in the East written to a friend in England, from which this extract is taken, and *The Invasion of the Crimea*, a history (in eight volumes) of the Crimean War.]

1. The Start.

Gaza stands upon the verge of the Desert, and bears towards it the same kind of relation as a seaport bears to the sea. It is there that you *charter* your camels (the ships of the desert), and lay in your stores for the voyage.

These preparations kept me in the town for some days. Disliking restraint, I declined making myself the guest of the Governor (as it is usual and proper to do), but took up my quarters at the Caravanserai, or "Khan," as they call it in that part of Asia.

A caravanserai is not ill adapted to the purposes for which it is meant: it forms the four sides of a large quadrangular court. The ground floor is used for warehouses, the first floor for guests, and the open court for the temporary reception of the camels, as well as for the loading and unloading of their burdens and the transaction of mercantile business generally. The apartments used for the guests are small cells opening into a kind of corridor which runs through the inner sides of the court.

In a couple of days I was ready to start. The way of providing for the passage of the Desert is this: there is



THE AGREEMENT WITH THE ARABS.

an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure or other ill-treatment at the hands of the Governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time. The agreement thus made by them includes a safe conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent of Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source, two goat-skins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the Desert through which we were to pass is void of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation; but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burden upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife. If sighs will

not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity and soon to love her for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

You cannot, of course, put an English or any other riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt or carpet, or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night, is folded and fastened on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride. I made an improvement on this plan: I had my English stirrups strapped on to the crossbars of the pack-saddle; and thus, by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort.

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the (now nearly exploded) plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the flood. She moves forward both her near legs at the same time, and then awkwardly swings round her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the manœuvre on that side; her pace therefore is an odd, disjointed, and disjoining sort of movement that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it. The height to which you are raised is of great advantage to you in passing the burning sands of the desert, for the air at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.

A Desert Journey.

2. The First Day.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, freshened by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jewelled with meadow flowers so bright and fragrant that I began to grow almost uneasy—to fancy that the very Desert was receding before me, and that the long desired adventure of passing its “burning sands” was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced, the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day’s journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs which are the accustomed food of the camel.

Before sunset I came up with an encampment of Arabs (the encampment from which my camels had been brought), and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins. Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely-formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his headgear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes; his countenance

shows painful thought and long suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries very painful to hear.

A Desert Journey.

3. The Daily March.

The manner of my daily march was this—At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. About mid-day, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand.

and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely¹ that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky.

You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you: then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond: but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses: the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

¹ Samely, monotonous, continually the same.



G. Dudley.

THE NIGHTLY HALT.

A Desert Journey.

4. The Nightly Halt.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me I began to return—to return as

it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle with her odd old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look—a look like “the own arm-chair” of our lyrist’s “sweet Lady Anne.”

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearthrug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted liked a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner, who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

A Desert Journey.

5. A Meeting in the Desert.

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the Desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon. My party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises. Soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders. In a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travellers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant. By their side there were a couple of Arabs on foot, and this, if I rightly remember, was the whole party.

You—you love sailing—in returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly, black sky above, and an angry sea beneath; you watch the grisly old man at the helm carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast; you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eyebrow—now belaying, and now letting go—now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or baling out death with a pipkin.

Familiar enough is the sight, and yet when I see it I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat, with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean. Well, so when you have travelled for days and days over an Eastern Desert without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket, and a single servant come listlessly slouching along from out of the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points.

As we approached each other it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course, among civilized people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking; but I was shy and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor in the midst of those broad

solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other quite as distantly as if we had passed in Pall Mall.

Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her she caught the social feeling, and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation, and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the Desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When with this intent I turned round my camel I found that the gallant officer had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, and was exactly in the same predicament as myself.

I put my now willing camel in motion, and rode up towards the stranger. Seeing this, he followed my example, and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak. Too courteous to address me as if he admitted the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability or civilian-like love of vain talk, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information, and accordingly, when we got within speaking distance, he said, "I dare say you wish to know how the Plague is going on at Cairo?" and then he went on to say he regretted that his information did not enable him

to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths. He afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent—a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed.

A Desert Journey.

6. Imaginary Sights and Sounds

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sandhills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute



AN UNEXPECTED SOUND.

crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel.

On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills!

My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened: but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily.

ringing "for church." After a while the sound died away slowly.

It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week, according to the European calendar. Referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an

illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day; but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed, the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their song is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practice of magical arts.

A Desert Journey.

7. The End of the Journey.

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath,

there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the Sun. "He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego¹ that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

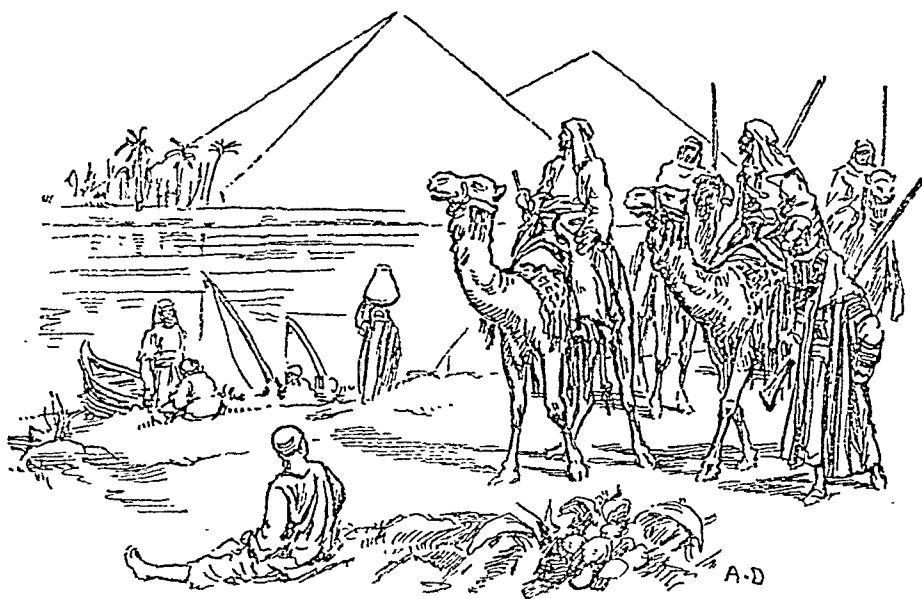
When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. He had toiled on a graceful service: he had travelled all the way

¹ Ego, Latin for I.

on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

A. W. KINGLAKE.



Three Milton Sonnets.

1. On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven:
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

2. On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"

I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His state
Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

3. Milton.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour.
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free :
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Battle of Sedgemoor.

(The Duke of Monmouth, who claimed the throne, landed in the west of England in 1685. He was joined by many miners and farm labourers, and endeavoured to surprise the army of his uncle James II. as it lay on Sedgemoor.)

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines¹ filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine: but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred

¹ Rhines, drainage ditches.

to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the King's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the King," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which King?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the Duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which



THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.
Specially drawn for this book by T. H. Robinson.

he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The waggoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The King's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill¹ had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about

¹ Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left: but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgwater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by

some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government.

Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake: the ranks broke; the King's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the King's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground. The impression left on the simple inhabitants of the neighbourhood was deep and lasting. That impression, indeed, has been frequently renewed. For even in our own time the plough and the spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter, skulls, and thigh-bones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently that, in their childhood, they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men always raised the cry of Soho.¹

LORD MACAULAY. (*From The History of England.*)

¹ Soho, used as a watchword or password by Monmouth at Sedgemoor.



An Early Morning Adventure.

(Illustrations by Gordon Browne.)

[MISS EDITH CENONE SOMERVILLE and MISS VIOLET MARTIN wrote, the latter under the name Martin Ross, many well-known novels and tales of Irish life. The best known is *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.*, from which the following extract is taken.]

1. Deserting the Yacht.¹

(Lieutenant Bernard Shute, of the Royal Navy, his sister Miss Shute, Major Sinclair Yeates, R. M.,²

¹ The titles and divisions of this extract are not in the original, but have been added in this book.

² R. M., Resident Magistrate.

Mrs. Yeates, and Miss Sally Knox, on a yachting trip in the *Eileen Oge*, suffer various discomforts. Some are bad sailors and become seasick, and just as the yacht has been brought into quiet waters it runs aground on a reef. As the tide falls there seems some danger of the yacht rolling off the rock and sinking. It is therefore decided to try to get ashore. Maria, Mrs. Yeates's water-spaniel, is also with the party. Major Yeates tells the story.)

By about 1 A.M. the two gaffs with which Bernard had contrived to shore up the slowly heeling yacht began to show signs of yielding, and, in approved shipwreck fashion, we took to the boats, the yacht's crew in the gig remaining in attendance on what seemed likely to be the last moments of the *Eileen Oge*, while we, in our dinghy, sought for the harbour. Owing to the tilt of the yacht's deck, and the roughness of the broken water round her, getting into the boat was no mean feat of gymnastics. Miss Sally did it like a bird, alighting in the inevitable arms of Bernard; Miss Shute followed very badly, but, by innate force of character, successfully; Philippa, who was enjoying every moment of her shipwreck, came last, launching herself into the dinghy with my silver shoe-horn clutched in one hand and in the other the tea-basket. I heard the hollow clank of its tin cups as she sprang and appreciated the heroism with which Bernard received one of its corners in his waist. How or when Maria left the yacht I know not, but when I applied myself to the bow oar I led off with three crabs, owing to the devotion with which she thrust her head into my lap.

I am no judge of these matters, but in my opinion we ought to have been swamped several times during that row. There was nothing but the phosphorus of breaking waves to tell us where the rocks were, and nothing to show where the harbour was except a solitary light, a masthead light, as we supposed. The skipper had assured us that we could not go wrong if we kept "a westerly course with a little northing in it;" but it seemed simpler to steer for the light, and we did so. The dinghy climbed along over the waves with an agility that was safer than it felt; the rain fell without haste and without rest, the oars were as inflexible as crowbars, and somewhat resembled them in shape and weight; nevertheless, it was Elysium when compared with the afternoon leisure of the deck of the *Eileen Oge*.

At last we came, unexplainably, into smooth water, and it was about this time that we were first aware that the darkness was less dense than it had been, and that the rain had ceased. By imperceptible degrees a greyness touched the back of the waves, more a dreariness than a dawn, but more welcome than thousands of gold and silver. I looked over my shoulder and discerned vague bulky things ahead; as I did so, my oar was suddenly wrapped in seaweed. We crept on; Maria stood up with her paws on the gunwale, and whined in high agitation. The dark objects ahead resolved themselves into rocks, and without more ado Maria pitched herself into the water. In half a minute we heard her shaking herself on shore. We slid on; the water swelled

under the dinghy, and lifted her keel on to grating gravel.

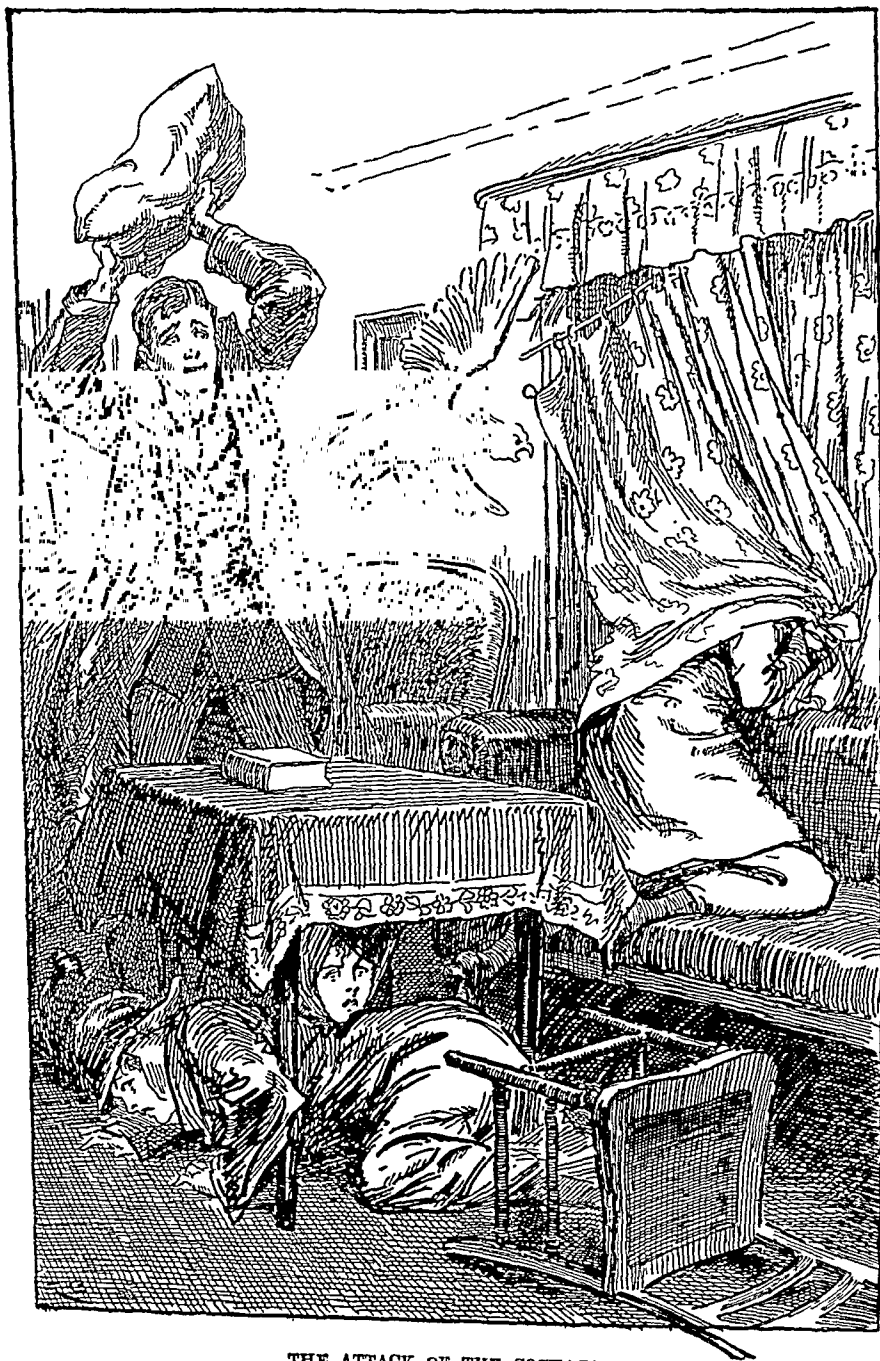
"We couldn't have done it better if we'd been the Hydrographer Royal," said Bernard, wading knee-deep in a light wash of foam, with the painter in his hand; "but all the same, that masthead light is some one's bedroom candle!"

An Early Morning Adventure.

2. A Hospitable Reception.

We landed, hauled up the boat, and then feebly sat down on our belongings to review the situation, and Maria came and shook herself over each of us in turn. We had run into a little cove, guided by the philanthropic beam of a candle in the upper window of a house about a hundred yards away. The candle still burned on, and the anæmic daylight exhibited to us our surroundings, and we debated as to whether we could at 2.45 A.M. present ourselves as objects of compassion to the owner of the candle. I need hardly say that it was the ladies who decided on making the attempt, having, like most of their sex, a courage incomparably superior to ours in such matters; Bernard and I had not a grain of genuine compunction in our souls, but we failed in nerve.

We trailed up from the cove, laden with emigrants'



THE ATTACK OF THE COCKATOO.

bundles, stumbling on wet rocks in the half-light, and succeeded in making our way to the house.

It was a small two-storied building, of that hideous breed of architecture usually dedicated to the rectories of the Irish Church; we felt that there was something friendly in the presence of a pair of carpet slippers in the porch, but there was a hint of exclusiveness in the fact that there was no knocker and that the bell was broken. The light still burned in the upper window, and with a faltering hand I flung gravel at the glass. This summons was appallingly responded to by a shriek; there was a flutter of white at the panes, and the candle was extinguished.

"Come away!" exclaimed Miss Shute, "it's a lunatic asylum!"

We stood our ground, however, and presently heard a footstep within, a blind was poked aside in another window, and we were inspected by an unseen inmate; then some one came downstairs, and the hall-door was opened by a small man with a bald head and a long sandy beard. He was attired in a brief dressing-gown, and on his shoulder sat, like an angry ghost, a large white cockatoo. Its crest was up on end, its beak was a good two inches long and curved like a Malay kris; its claws gripped the little man's shoulder. Maria uttered in the background a low and thunderous growl.

"Don't take any notice of the bird, please," said the little man nervously, seeing our united gaze fixed upon this apparition; "he's extremely fierce if annoyed."

The majority of our party here melted away to

either side of the hall-door, and I was left to do the explaining. The tale of our misfortunes had its due effect, and we were ushered into a small drawing-room, our host holding open the door for us, like a nightmare footman with bare shins, a gnome-like bald head, and an unclean spirit swaying on his shoulder. He opened the shutters, and we sat decorously round the room, as at an afternoon party, while the situation was further expounded on both sides. Our entertainer, indeed, favoured us with the leading items of his family history, amongst them the facts that he was a Dr. Fahy from Cork, who had taken somebody's rectory for the summer, and had been prevailed on by some of his patients to permit them to join him as paying guests.

"I said it was a lunatic asylum," murmured Miss Shute to me.

"In point of fact," went on our host, "there isn't an empty room in the house, which is why I can only offer your party the use of this room and the kitchen fire, which I make a point of keeping burning all night."

He leaned back complacently in his chair, and crossed his legs; then obviously remembering his costume, sat bolt upright again. We owed the guiding beams of the candle to the owner of the cockatoo, an old Mrs. Buck, who was, we gathered, the most paying of all the patients, and also, obviously, the one most feared and cherished by Dr. Fahy. "She has a candle burning all night for the bird, and her door open to let him walk about the house when

he likes," said Dr. Fahy; "indeed, I may say her passion for him amounts to dementia. He's very fond of me, and Mrs. Fahy's always telling me I should be thankful, as whatever he did we'd be bound to put up with it!"

An Early Morning Adventure.

3. The Cockatoo's Assault.

Dr. Fahy had evidently a turn for conversation that was unaffected by circumstance; the first beams of the early sun were lighting up the rep chair covers before the door closed upon his brown dressing-gown, and upon the stately white back of the cockatoo, and the demoniac possession of laughter that had wrought in us during the interview burst forth unchecked. It was most painful and exhausting, as such laughter always is; but by far the most serious part of it was that Miss Sally, who was sitting in the window, somehow drove her elbow through a pane of glass, and Bernard, in pulling down the blind to conceal the damage, tore it off the roller.

There followed on this catastrophe a period during which reason tottered and Maria barked furiously. Philippa was the first to pull herself together, and to suggest an adjournment to the kitchen fire that, in honour of the paying guests, was never quenched, and, respecting the repose of the household, we proceeded thither with a stealth that convinced Maria we were

engaged in a rat hunt. The boots of paying guests littered the floor, the débris of their last repast covered the table; a cat in some unseen fastness crooned a war song to Maria, who feigned unconsciousness and fell to scientific research in the scullery.

We roasted our boots at the range, and Bernard, with all a sailor's gift for exploration and theft, prowled in noisome purlieus and emerged with a jug of milk and a lump of salt butter. No one who has not been a burglar can at all realise what it was to roam through Dr. Fahy's basement storey, with the rookery of paying guests asleep above, and to feel that, so far, we had repaid his confidence by breaking a pane of glass and a blind, and putting the scullery tap out of order. I have always maintained that there was something wrong with it before I touched it, but the fact remains that when I had filled Philippa's kettle, no human power could prevail upon it to stop flowing. For all I know to the contrary it is running still.

It was in the course of our furtive return to the drawing-room that we were again confronted by Mrs. Buck's cockatoo. It was standing in malign meditation on the stairs, and on seeing us it rose, without a word of warning, upon the wing, and with a long screech flung itself at Miss Sally's golden-red head, which a ray of sunlight had chanced to illumine. There was a moment of stampede, as the selected victim, pursued by the cockatoo, fled into the drawing-room; two chairs were upset (one, I think, broken), Miss Sally enveloped herself in a window curtain, Philippa and Miss Shute effaced themselves beneath a table; the cockatoo, foiled

of its prey, skimmed, still screeching, round the ceiling. It was Bernard who, with a well-directed sofa-cushion, drove the enemy from the room. There was only a chink of the door open, but the cockatoo turned on



MARIA OVERTOOK US.

his side as he flew, and swung through it like a woodcock.

We slammed the door behind him, and at the same instant there came a thumping on the floor overhead, muffled, yet peremptory.

"That's Mrs. Buck!" said Miss Shute, crawling from under the table; "the room over this is the one that had the candle in it."

We sat for a time in awful stillness, but nothing further happened, save a distant shriek overhead, that told the cockatoo had sought and found sanctuary in his owner's room. We had tea *sotto voce*, and then, one by one, despite the amazing discomfort of the drawing-room chairs, we dozed off to sleep.

An Early Morning Adventure.

4. The Fate of the Cockatoo.

It was at about five o'clock that I woke with a stiff neck and an uneasy remembrance that I had last seen Maria in the kitchen. The others, looking, each of them, about twenty years older than their age, slept in various attitudes of exhaustion. Bernard opened his eyes as I stole forth to look for Maria, but none of the ladies awoke. I went down the evil-smelling passage that led to the kitchen stairs, and, there on a mat, regarding me with intelligent affection, was Maria: but what—oh what was the white thing that lay between her forepaws?

The situation was too serious to be coped with alone. I fled noiselessly back to the drawing-room and put my head in; Bernard's eyes—blessed be the light sleep of sailors!—opened again, and there was that in mine that

summoned him forth. (Blessed also be the light step of sailors!)

We took the corpse from Maria, withholding perforce the language and the slaughtering that our hearts ached to bestow. For a minute or two our eyes communed.

"I'll get the kitchen shovel," breathed Bernard; "you open the hall-door!"

A moment later we passed like spirits into the open air, and on into a little garden at the end of the house. Maria followed us, licking her lips. There were beds of nasturtiums, and of purple stocks, and of marigolds. We chose a bed of stocks, a plump bed, that looked like easy digging. The windows were all tightly shut and shuttered, and I took the cockatoo from under my coat and hid it, temporarily, behind a box border. Bernard had brought a shovel and a coal scoop. We dug like badgers. At eighteen inches we got down into shale and stones, and the coal scoop struck work.

"Never mind," said Bernard; "we'll plant the stocks on top of him."

It was a lovely morning, with a new-born blue sky and a light northerly breeze. As we returned to the house, we looked across the wavelets of the little cove and saw, above the rocky point round which we had groped last night, a triangular white patch moving slowly along.

"The tide's lifted her!" said Bernard, standing stock-still. He looked at Mrs. Buck's window and at me. "Yeates!" he whispered, "let's quit!"

It was now barely six o'clock, and not a soul was stirring. We woke the ladies and convinced them of

the high importance of catching the tide. Bernard left a note on the hall table for Dr. Fahy, a beautiful note of leave-taking and gratitude, and apology for the broken window (for which he begged to enclose half-a-crown). No allusion was made to the other casualties. As we neared the strand he found an occasion to say to me :

“I put in a postscript that I thought it best to mention that I had seen the cockatoo in the garden, and hoped it would get back all right. That’s quite true, you know! But look here, whatever you do, you must keep it all dark from the ladies——”

At this juncture Maria overtook us with the cockatoo in her mouth.

E. CÆ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.)

The Taking of Constantinople by the Turks

[RICHARD KNOLLES (1550-1610) wrote *A General History of the Turks* from which the following extract is taken. Before the Turks took it, Constantinople had been for more than a thousand years the capital of the Eastern Roman (or Greek or Byzantine) Empire.]

A little before day, the Turks approached the walls and began the assault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, whereof little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks. Pressing fast to the walls, they could

not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst soldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defenders.

Upon the first appearance of the day, Mahomet¹ gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment, and at one instant, on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks. Mahomet, the more to distress the defenders, and the better to see the forwardness of the soldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail: which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defenders so thick, that the light of the day was therewith darkened. Others in the meantime courageously mounted the scaling ladders, and came even to hand-strokes with the defenders upon the wall, where the foremost were for the most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terror thereof, were ready to retire.

Mahomet, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janizaries² and

¹ Mahomet, the Sultan or King of the Turks.

² Janizaries, the fiercest of the Sultan's soldiers. They were Christian children taken from their parents and trained up as Mohammedans and fierce soldiers.



BEFORE THE ASSAULT.


(Specially drawn for this book by Ambrose Dudley.)

best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge; by whose coming on his fainting soldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault; by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardice, threatening most terrible death. By this means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinianus¹ the general to be wounded in the arm. Losing much blood, he cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall. He pretended the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but he was, indeed, a man now altogether discouraged.

The soldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janizaries, forsook their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus¹ departed; with the sight whereof the other

ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently strove all together to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in. In this great press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there trodden under foot or thrust to death by them that followed. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life, flying with the rest in that press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days, together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel. His head being cut off was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant, by whose commandment it was afterward thrust upon the point of a lance, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterwards up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory ; and by the breach entered as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth, and beareth down all before it. So the Turks, when they had won the outer wall, entered the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery. Without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way.  After resistance they became lords of the imperial city. In this fury of the many thousands of men, women, before respect of age, sex, or condition.

Many, for safeguard of their lives, fled into the temple of Sophia,¹ where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself.

RICHARD KNOLLES.

¹ Temple of Sophia, the church of the Hagia Sophia (often called St. Sophia) or "holy wisdom"—afterwards turned into a Mohammedan mosque.



A Petition for Justice.

[MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888), son of Dr. Arnold, the great headmaster of Rugby School, was a poet and prose writer. His poems include *The Strayed Reveller*, *Empedocles on Etna*, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Merope*, and many shorter poems. Among his prose works may be named *Culture and Anarchy*, and *Literature and Dogma*. The following passage is taken from *The Sick King in Bokhara*.]

(A certain king in Bokhara is forced to carry out the law against disrespect to parents by sentencing to death a man who had accused himself and whom he would fain have spared. As he is mourning over this, his vizier, who has been absent from court because of illness, returns and inquires the reason of his sadness. The king orders Hussein, the teller of tales, to inform the vizier of the facts.)

Three days since, at the time of prayer,
A certain Moollah, with his robe
All rent, and dust upon his hair,
Watched my lord's coming forth, and pushed
The golden mace-bearers aside,
And fell at the King's feet, and cried,
"Justice, O King, and on myself!
On this great sinner, who did break
The law, and by the law must die!
Vengeance, O King!"

But the King spake :
"What fool is this, that hurts our ears
With folly? or what drunken slave?
My guards, what, prick him with your spears!"

Prick me the fellow from the path !”
 As the King said, so it was done,
 And to the mosque my lord passed on.

But on the morrow, when the King
 Went forth again, the holy book
 Carried before him, as is right,
 And through the square his path he took :
 My man comes running, flecked with blood
 From yesterday, and falling down
 Cries out most earnestly ; “ O King,
 My lord, O King, do right, I pray !

“ How can’st thou, ere thou hear, discern
 If I speak folly ? but a king,
 Whether a thing be great or small,
 Like Allah, hears and judges all.

“ Wherefore hear thou ! Thou knowest how fierce
 In these last days the sun hath burned :
 That the green water in the tanks
 Is to a putrid puddle turned :
 And the canal, that from the stream
 Of Samarcand is brought this way,
 Wastes, and runs thinner every day.

“ Now I at nightfall had gone forth
 Alone, and in a darksome place
 Under some mulberry trees I found
 A little pool : and in brief space
 With all the water that was there
 I filled my pitcher, and stole home



A PETITION FOR JUSTICE.
(Specially drawn for this book by T. H. Robinson.)

Unseen : and having drink to spare,
I hid the can behind the door,
And went up on the roof to sleep.

“But in the night, which was with wind
And burning dust, again I creep
Down, having fever, for a drink.

“Now meanwhile had my brethren found
The water-pitcher, where it stood
Behind the door upon the ground,
And called my mother : and they all
As they were thirsty, and the night
Most sultry, drained the pitcher there ;
That they sate with it, in my sight,
Their lips still wet, when I came down.

“Now mark ! I, being fevered, sick,
(Most unblest also), at that sight
Brake forth and cursed them—dost thou hear ?—
One was my mother—Now, do right !”

But my lord mused a space, and said :
“Send him away, sirs, and make on !
It is some madman,” the King said :
As the King said, so was it done.

The morrow at the self-same hour
In the King's path, behold, the man,
Not kneeling, sternly fixed : he stood
Right opposite, and thus began,
Frowning grim down :—“Thou wicked King,
Most deaf where thou should'st most give ear.

Dogberry and the Watch.

PERSONS.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon and ruler of Messina.

CLAUDIO, a young lord.

LEONATO, Governor of Messina.

BORACHIO¹ } Followers of Don John, brother of Don Pedro.
CONRADE }

DOGBERRY } Two foolish officers who are in charge of the watch, or
VERGES } police arrangements, of Messina.

WATCHMEN.

SCENE—Messina.

(In these scenes Shakespeare makes fun of men in authority who do not know how to do their work, but make a great pretence of dignity, and in doing so talk a great deal of nonsense.)

1. Setting the Watch.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

DOGBERRY. Are you good men and true?

VERGES. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOGBERRY. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERGES. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

¹ Borachio, pron. *Bo-ra'-ki-o*.

DOGBERRY. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

FIRST WATCH. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal: for they can write and read.



SETTING THE WATCH.

DOGBERRY. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Dogberry and the Watch

SECOND WATCH. Both which, master constable,—

DOGBERRY. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom¹ men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

SECOND WATCH. How if he will not stand?

DOGBERRY. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERGES. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGBERRY. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

SECOND WATCH. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERRY. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

SECOND WATCH. How if they will not?

DOGBERRY. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer,

¹ Vagrom, vagrant, wandering.

you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

SECOND WATCH. Well, sir.

DOGBERRY. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

SECOND WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOGBERRY. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and to steal out of your company.

VERGES. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGBERRY. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

VERGES. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

SECOND WATCH. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

DOGBERRY. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child awake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it bays, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERGES. 'Tis very true.

DOGBERRY. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present¹ the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

¹ Present, represent.

VERGES. Nay, that, I think, he can not.

DOGBERRY. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues,¹ he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERGES. I think it be so.

DOGBERRY. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night.—Come, neighbour.

SECOND WATCH. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go and sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed. [*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

BORACHIO. What! Conrade,—

WATCH. Peace, stir not. (*Aside*)

BORACHIO. Conrade, I say!

CONRADE. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

BORACHIO. Know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

CONRADE. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

BORACHIO. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

(Borachio tells Conrade how he has helped his master Don John to make a plot to deceive a nobleman called

¹ Statues, for *statutes*.

Claudio, so that he will refuse to marry Leonato's daughter Hero to whom he was engaged, and whom he had loved very deeply. The watchmen listen to them, and as soon as they have heard the whole story, they spring out upon the men and arrest them. They take them to Dogberry and Verges and these two officials go to Leonato.)

Dogberry and the Watch.

2. Making a Report.

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

LEONATO. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOGBERRY. Marry sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEONATO. Brief, I pray you ; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGBERRY. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERGES. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEONATO. What is it, my good friends?

DOGBERRY. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

VERGES. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

Dogberry and the Watch

DOGBERRY. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*¹ neighbour Verges.

LEONATO. Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOGBERRY. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEONATO. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

DOGBERRY. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERGES. And so am I.

LEONATO. I would fain know what you have to say.

VERGES. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

DOGBERRY. A good old man, sir; he will be talking, as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour.

LEONATO. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOGBERRY. Gifts that God gives.

LEONATO. I must leave you.

DOGBERRY. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons and we

¹ Palabras, words.

would have them this morning examined before your worship.

LEONATO. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

DOGBERRY. It shall be suffigance. [*Exit* LEONATO.

DOGBERRY. Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol : we are now to examination these men.

VERGES. And we must do it wisely.

DOGBERRY. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that (*touching his forehead*) shall drive some of them to a *non com* : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

Dogberry and the Watch.

3. An Examination.

SCENE III.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton in gowns ; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

DOGBERRY. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

VERGES. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

SEXTON. Which be the malefactors ?

DOGBERRY. Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERGES. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

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not

LEON.
you.

DOGBERRY. Gift BEFORE MASTER CONSTABLE.

LEONATO. I musich are the offenders that are to be

DOGBERRY. One y come before master constable.
indeed comprehended rry, let them come before me.—

1 Pad?

BORACHIO. Borachio.

DOGBERRY. Pray write down—Borachio—. Yours, sirrah?

CONRADE. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGBERRY. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

CONRADE and BORACHIO. Yea, sir, we hope.

DOGBERRY. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CONRADE. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGBERRY. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

DOGBERRY. Well, stand aside.—They are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

SEXTON. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch, that are their accusers.

DOGBERRY. Yea, marry, that's the eftest¹ way: Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCH. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

¹ Eftest, aptest, best.

DOGBERRY. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why that is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

BORACHIO. Master constable,—

DOGBERRY. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON. What heard you him say else?

SECOND WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGBERRY. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

VERGES. By the mass, that it is.

SEXTON. What else, fellow?

FIRST WATCH. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGBERRY. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON. What else?

SECOND WATCH. This is all.

SEXTON. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit.

DOGBERRY. Come, let them be opinioned.

CONRADE. Off, coxcomb!

DOGBERRY. Where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb.—Come, bind them, thou naughty varlet!

CONRADE. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

DOGBERRY. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass! But, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I had been writ down an ass! *[Exeunt.]*

Dogberry and the Watch.

4. Villainy Unmasked.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

DOGBERRY. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

DON PEDRO. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

CLAUDIO. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

DON PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOGBERRY. Marry, sir, they have committed false report: moreover, they have spoken untruths: secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

DON PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed, and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

CLAUDIO. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

DON PEDRO. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer; this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

BORACHIO. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill

SEXTON. We deceived even your very eyes: what deny. Prince could not discover these shallow fools away; Hero wasight.

manner refused, and, bring away the plaintiffs, by this died.—Master constable reformed Signior Leonato of the brought to Leonato's, do not forget to specify, when their examination. I have, that I am an ass.

DOGBERRY. Come, he comes Master Signior Leonato,

CONRADE. Off, coxcomb.

DOGBERRY. Where's the prince's officer ^{to with the Sexton.} coxcomb

naughty varlet! villain? Let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him : Which of these is he ?

BORACHIO. If you would know your wronger, look
on me.

LEONATO. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath
hast killed
Mine innocent child ?

BORACHIO. Yea, even I alone.

DOGBERRY. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black), this plaintiff heré, the offender,
did call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered
in his punishment.

LEONATO. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGBERRY. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

LEONATO. There's for thy pains.

DOGBERRY. God save the foundation !

LEONATO. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
I thank thee.

DOGBERRY. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ;
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for
the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish
your worship well ; God restore you to health ; I humbly
give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may
be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

SHAKESPEARE.

(From *Much Ado about Nothing*.)

Wealth.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) was an American essayist and poet. The following is from his *Essays*.]

As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, "How does that man get his living?" And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood.

Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world, unless he not only pays his debt but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

Wealth has its source in applications of the mind to nature, from the rudest strokes of spade and axe up to the last secrets of art. The mind acts in bringing things from where they abound to where they are wanted.

Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a labourer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization.

For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that *a half-ounce of coal*

will draw two tons a mile, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.

Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so as to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn, in a good double-wick lamp, and three meals; in a horse or a locomotive to cross the land, in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with, in books to read; and so in giving on all sides by tools and auxiliaries the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet and hands and eyes and blood, length to the day, and knowledge and good-will.

Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law which Nature thunders in these northern climates. First, she requires that each man should feed himself. If happily his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and, by making his wants less or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to lie. She gives him no rest until this is done; she starves, taunts, and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter, sleep, friends, and daylight, until he has fought his way to his own loaf.

The philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few; but will a man content himself with a hut and a handful of dried pease? He is born to be rich. Wealth requires, besides the crust of bread and the roof, the freedom of the city, the freedom of the earth, travelling, machinery, the benefits of science,

music, and fine arts, the best culture, and the best company. He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labours of the greatest number of men, of men in distant countries and in past times.

R. W. EMERSON.

Where Gold is Despised.

[SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535) was an English statesman and man of letters. Most of his English works are now of little general interest, and his literary fame rests on his Latin romance *Utopia* (or *Nowhere*) in which he describes a country where the people are so wise that their government is practically perfect. *Utopia* is chiefly known to English readers by the translation of it made by Ralph Robinson. The following passage is slightly adapted from that translation.]

(Among the Utopians no one thinks anything of gold or pearls, or precious stones, since these things are themselves of no use for food or clothing. The passage tells of what happened when Ambassadors from a distant country, where the ideas of the Utopians were not known, came to Amaurote the capital of Utopia).

The Ambassadors of the Anemoleans came to Amaurote while I was there. Now all the Ambassadors of the next countries, which had been there before, and knew the fashions and manners of the Utopians, among whom they perceived no honour given to sumptuous apparel, silks to be condemned, gold also to be contemptible and reproachful, were wont to come thither in very homely and simple array.

But the Anemoleans because they dwell far thence, and had very little acquaintance with them, hearing that they were all apparelled alike, and that very rudely and homely, thinking them not to have the things which they did not wear, being therefore more proud than wise, determined in the gorgeousness of their apparel to represent very gods, and with the bright shining and glistening of their gay clothing to dazzle the eyes of the silly poor Utopians.

So there came in three Ambassadors with an hundred servants all apparelled in changeable colours, the most of them in silks, the Ambassadors themselves (for at home in their own country they were noblemen) in cloth of gold, with great chains of gold, with gold hanging at their ears, with gold rings upon their fingers, with brooches and aglets¹ of gold upon their caps, which glistened full of pearls and precious stones, to be short trimmed, and adorned with all those things, which among the Utopians were either the punishment of bondmen, or the reproach of infamed² persons, or else trifles for young children to play withal.

Therefore it would have done a man good at his heart to have seen how proudly they displayed their peacock feathers, how much they made of their painted sheaths, and how loftily they set forth and advanced themselves, when they compared their gallant apparel with the poor raiment of the Utopians. For all the people were swarmed forth into the streets.

And on the other side it was no less pleasure to consider how much they were deceived, and how far

¹ Aglets, tags or small ornaments.

² Infamed, disreputable.

they missed of their purpose being contrary ways taken, than they thought they should have been. For to the eyes of all the Utopians, except very few, which had been in other countries for some reasonable cause, all that gorgeousness of apparel seemed shameful and reproachful, in so much that they most reverently saluted the vilest and most abject of them for lords, passing over the Ambassadors themselves without any honour, judging them by their wearing of golden chains to be bondmen.

Yes, you should have seen children also, that had cast away their pearls and precious stones, when they saw the like sticking upon the Ambassadors' caps, dig and push their mothers under the sides, saying thus to them—"Look, mother, how great a lubber doth yet wear pearls and precious stones, as though he were a little child still." But the mother, yea and that also in good earnest: "peace, son," saith she, "I think he be some of the Ambassadors' fools." Some found fault at their golden chains, as to no use or purpose, being so small and weak, that a bondman might easily break them, and again so wide and large, that when it pleased him he might cast them off, and run away at liberty whither he would.

But when the Ambassadors had been there a day or two and saw so great abundance of gold so lightly esteemed, yea in no less reproach, than it was with them in honour, and besides that more gold in the chains and gyves of one fugitive bondman, than all their costly ornaments were worth, they began to abate their courage, and for very shame laid away all that gorgeous array,

whereof they were so proud, and specially when they had talked familiarly with the Utopians, and had learned all their fashions and opinions.

For they marvel that any men be so foolish as to have delight and pleasure in the doubtful glistening of a little trifling stone, who may behold any of the stars or else the sun itself, or that any man is so mad as to count himself the nobler for the smaller or finer thread of wool, which selfsame wool (be it now in never so fine a spun thread) a sheep did once wear, and yet was she all that time no other thing than a sheep.

They marvel also that gold, which of its own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation, that man himself by whom, yea, and for the use of whom it is so much set by, is in much less estimation than the gold itself, Because of it a lumpish blockheaded churl, which hath no more wit than an ass, yea and is as full of naughtiness as of folly, shall have nevertheless many wise and good men in subjection and bondage, only for this, because he hath a great heap of gold. If it should be taken from him by any fortune, or by some subtle wile of the law, (which no less than fortune doth both raise up the low and pluck down the high) and be given to the most vile slave and abject drivell¹ of all his household, then shortly after he shall go into the service of his servant, as an augmentation or overplus² beside his money.

¹ Drivel, fool.

² Augmentation or overplus, slight addition, make-weight.

Wrongs are often forgiven ; but contempt never is.

CHESTERFIELD.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

MONTROSE.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little but our hearts are great.
Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

TENNYSON.

Self-Aided Study.

A Lively Night.

1. Trace the various means by which the author keeps us laughing continuously. What particular passage do you find most amusing?
2. Make a list of the articles of furniture, etc., in the room, and show how they are employed for humorous effects.
3. Imagine a dream that Harris might have had, and describe it.
4. Explain the following phrases and write new sentences showing their correct use: to keep record; to hang fire; touch and go; a receptive attitude; a Sabbath day's journey; a base of departure.
5. At what two points in the story is the pedometer referred to? Compare the effects of the two statements.
6. Give the meanings of the following words: pedometer, indefinable, spell, muffled, exquisite, weird, spectral, harassments, microphone.
7. Write an account of the night from the mouse's point of view.

The Duel.

1. Point out the aptness of the names—Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.
2. In what does the humour of the scene mainly consist? How does it differ from the humour of "A Lively Night"?
3. Show how Bob Acres' way of speaking reveals (1) his pretended fierceness and (2) his real fear.
4. Write out the remarks of Sir Lucius that especially frighten Bob Acres.
5. What do we gather from this scene about the rules of the duel?
6. Give the meanings of the following words: commission, quietus, vital, posture, genteel.
7. Compose a short dialogue between a borrower and a lender.

Making up a Quarrel.

1. We laugh at both Winkle and Dowler. Why? What was Winkle's "first impulse"? Why was it fortunate for Winkle?
2. When did Winkle begin to see that Dowler was really afraid of him? Compare the attitude of Winkle to Dowler at the beginning of the scene with that at the close.

Self-Aided Study

- How does the humour of this story compare with that of the two preceding sketches? Which of the three do you find most amusing?
- Find the meanings of: vindictive, sanguinary, impulse, vehemence, spirit, egregious, interpreting, alternative, magnanimity, condescension, belligerents, protestations. Find out the derivations of these words.
- Explain the phrases: stopped short; to be taken at an advantage; how the land lay; a verbal explanation.
- Imagine that one night you woke suddenly and heard strange sounds in the unoccupied room next your own. Convinced that there were burglars in the house, you felt cautiously for the matches. . . . From this suggested introduction write the story of "A False Alarm."

Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown.

- Write two paragraphs describing Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown.
- What word does Captain Brown use to describe Dr. Johnson's writing? What does the word mean? Show that it describes Miss Jenkyns's speaking.
- What word does Miss Jenkyns use to describe Dickens's style. What reason had she for so describing it?
- How far does the accident change Miss Jenkyns's opinion of the Captain?
- Write down a list of the biggest words Miss Jenkyns uses, and give their meanings in simpler form.
- Find the derivations of: manuscript, placidly, gravity, aghast.
- Who tells the story of the death of Captain Brown? Rewrite it, if you can, as Miss Jenkyns would have told it.

The Norman Baron.

- Make up a list of the words in the poem that show it to be a story of feudal times.
- Explain: Doomsday Book; the Nativity; wassail; waits; manor; missal.
- A synonym is, strictly, a word which has the same meaning as another word. Sometimes, however, synonyms have different *shades* of meaning. Give synonyms for: sires; gleemen; contrition.
- Write the first stanza, marking the accented syllables. How does the fourth line differ from the first three lines? What

is the effect of the difference? (An examination of verse in this way is termed *scansion*. After you have noted the accented syllables, mark off the *feet*.)

5. Write a dialogue between two serfs who contrast their lot with that of their Norman baron over-lord.

The Discovery of America.

1. Give an account of the various difficulties that Columbus had to overcome, and how he dealt with them.
2. Rewrite in simple words the paragraph beginning, "These reflections occurred . . ."
3. Express in other words: intimidated, prognostics, credulity, illusive, cabals, chimerical, expeditious, remonstrances, projector, solicitude, insinuations, dastardly, expostulated.
4. Give synonyms for: supplications, prosperous, fallacious, indigent, avarice.
5. Find out and describe the methods of taking soundings at sea.
6. Write a short account of the voyage as one of the ship's officers might have told it.
7. Write down one of Columbus's speeches to the crew, as you imagine it.

Oh Captain! My Captain.

1. Read the life of Abraham Lincoln, and write a short account of it.
2. Why did the Southern States wish to secede from the Union?
- 3. Name some of the famous events in the American Civil War.
4. Explain as nautical terms: weathered every rack; steady keel; the flag is flung; the swaying mass.
5. What figure of speech does the poet employ in calling Lincoln a Captain? Is it an appropriate figure?
6. Follow the figure step by step through the poem, and say how far these steps correspond with the events they stand for. *E.g.*, what was the "fearful trip" made by the ship?
7. How far has Whitman used ordinary poetic forms in this poem?

An Interview with a Cock-Sparrow.

1. This passage is a playful satire on interviews. What is satire, and what are interviews?
2. What type of person does the cock-sparrow represent?
3. Pick out a few of the happy points of similarity between the two which the author brings out.

4. Give the meanings of : environment, conspicuous, oust, interpose, philosophical, adult, cockier, arbitrary, myriad, horde.
5. Give examples of the Cock-Sparrow's contempt for other birds. What qualities does the Sparrow claim for its tribe? What characteristics does it pass over?
6. Describe the Sparrow from the point of view (1) of the farmer; (2) of the house-martin.
7. Express in simple language the paragraph beginning, "It occurred to me," p. 61.
8. Write an imaginary interview with a dray-horse.

An Englishman and an Indian Princess.

1. Summarise the story of John Smith.
2. By what means did Smith placate the Indians?
3. Suppose that Pocahontas could write in English and kept a diary. Quote extracts from it in which she wrote of the English prisoner.
4. Give the meanings of the following words : buoyant, veteran, Christendom, anarchy, emigrants, superfluity, voluntary, precipitate, singular, propitiate, vanity, benevolence.
5. Give words opposite in meaning to those in Question 4.
6. Explain : infant Commonwealth; accurate delineation; the planetary system; aborigines.
7. Imagine yourself one of the Early Settlers in New England, and write a letter to a friend in the Old Country.

A Day that is Dead.

1. This poem is an Elegy. What, then, is characteristic of an Elegy in respect of subject and mood?
2. What is the particular subject of this elegy? Quote the lines where it is stated in so many words.
3. Point out the part played by the sea in the poem.
4. What kind of diction is employed? Why is it so appropriate?
5. Write the first verse, marking the accented syllables. Why is the first line written so?
6. Write a description of "The Moods of the Sea."

The Cat by the Fire.

1. State the case for and against the cat.
2. What are the hazards of the cat's life?
3. Pick out what seem to you the finest descriptive touches in the picture of the cat, and arrange them as a complete whole.

Self-Aided Study

v.

4. What kind of humour do we find in this description? Is it broad or delicate, obvious or subtle?
5. Express in other words: morbid aversion; nice inquirers; a pungent essay; tiger propensities; nick of the moment.
6. Define: sage, obligation, composure, immaculate, irascible, predatory, nonentity, vindications, symbolically, bland, prerogative, petulance, dogmatic, Tartar.
7. What are the adjectives corresponding to the nouns cat, dog, horse, man?
8. Write what you imagine a cat's thoughts to be on, "Waiting for Breakfast."

An Escape from Omdurman.

1. Select the details by which the author builds up his picture of the desert.
2. How did Abou Fatma cover up the track of the fugitives?
3. Note carefully how Trench's behaviour is described. What is the author trying to express?
4. What do you understand by: allusion, whimpering, detour, interstices, constellation, Southern Cross.
5. What native words is the author compelled to employ?
6. Think you are Abou Fatma, and write, "The Story of my Life."

A Dream.

1. Put into simple words De Quincey's account of his dream.
2. Would you call the dream a pleasing or terrifying one? Quote parts in support of your opinion.
3. Why has the writer used so many dashes? Do they help to bring out what he is trying to convey?
4. What figure of speech is the phrase: "a battle, a strife, an agony" (line 12)?
5. Write out the long words he employs and give their meaning. What effect have they on the style?
6. Describe as vividly as you can a dream you have had.

Sundered Friendship.

1. Make a complete list of the figures of speech in this passage, giving their names.
2. Examine in detail the extended figure in the last six lines and show its appropriateness.

3. Why were Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey called "the Lake Poets"?
4. Write a full explanation of—
 "And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain."

A Strange Lodging.

1. Illustrate from Dickens's description (1) of the furnaceman and (2) of the foundry, his power of painting vivid pictures.
2. Write the story of the furnaceman's life.
3. Break up into a number of short sentences the long sentence on p. 103, beginning, "In a large and lofty building", and ending "like giants."
4. Contrast this Dickens passage with that given on p. 24, beginning "He turned into the coffee room." What are the main differences?
5. Write a short paper on "Labour Conditions a Century Ago."

Craven.

1. Tell the story of the poem in simple but graphic prose.
2. Why are the last three stanzas printed in italics?
3. Distinguish between the duties of a captain and a pilot. Why was there a pilot on board?
4. Why did the Captain say "After you, Pilot"?
5. What is meant by: conning his ship; beating the stream; stood like men in a dream; paladins; peers.
6. Write an essay on "Heroism," using the stories of Sidney, Nelson and Outram as illustrations.

The Battle of Trafalgar.

1. What is the date of the Battle of Trafalgar? Show its great importance.
2. Explain Nelson's tactics in respect of their wisdom and daring.
3. Make a vocabulary of the various parts of the warship of Nelson's day mentioned, and describe each term accurately.
4. Break up into short paragraphs the long paragraph on p. 121.
5. Give the meanings of: exhilaration, ominous, weal, remonstrate, prescribed, tier, epaulette, articulation.
6. Why was Nelson beloved by his men?
7. Take as the title of a short essay—"Warships Old and New."

Two Sonnets on Napoleon.

1. What, in Wordsworth's opinion, is the road to true greatness?
2. What was the road followed by Napoleon? Is it right to say that he did not achieve anything truly great?
3. Show how Tennyson's attitude to Buonaparte differs from Wordsworth's. Which of the two poems seems to you the nobler and finer in spirit? Give reasons for your answer.
4. What three famous sea-victories over Buonaparte does Tennyson refer to? What was the importance of each?
5. Explain: the stubborn hearts of oak; that island queen who sways from Ind to Ind; those whom Gideon schooled with briars.
6. Make lines 5-14 of Wordsworth's sonnet the subject of an essay with the title, "Training for Rulership."

Brussels in Waterloo Week.

1. How does Thackeray bring out the fact that non-combatants suffer as much as combatants in war-time?
2. Why did Thackeray choose Brussels as the centre of interest in Waterloo week?
3. How does Thackeray contrive to give us news of how his soldier characters fared in the battle of Quatre Bras?
4. How does Thackeray speak of the French in this passage?
5. Form sentences introducing: paroxysm, distracted, rankles.
6. What does Thackeray mean by "the Devil's code of honour?"
7. Keeping in mind Burns's words, "Man to man the world o'er shall brothers be," write an essay on "True Patriotism."

A Frenchman in England.

1. The Comte de Florac is described as "amusingly odd and pleasant." Illustrate these characteristics.
2. Give examples of the Count's French-English phrases and pronunciation.
3. What do we gather from the passage of the dress and amusements of the English country gentleman of the time?
4. Give synonyms for: expansive, expetives, benefactions, affability.
5. Explain: comparing notes; in fine; Napoleon boots; gentlemen in scarlet. Write a note on "Botany Bay."
6. How does Thackeray make us realize that national differences are on the surface?
7. Write an amusing sketch entitled, "John Bull in France."

The Burden of Greatness.

1. What does the King say is the only advantage he has over his subjects? What is his opinion of this supposed advantage?
2. What does he find to envy in the lot of the slave?
3. Pick out words that would not be used by a present-day writer, and give their meaning.
4. What is meant by : sweats in the eye of Phœbus ; sleeps in Elysium ; help Hyperion to his horse.
5. In what kind of verse is the speech written? Write the first four lines, marking the accented syllables (*a*) according to metre ; (*b*) according to sense.
6. Write a short essay on "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Two Glimpses of Dr. Johnson.

1. Quote from the letter to Lord Chesterfield to illustrate Johnson's dignity, independence and scorn.
2. What artifice did Boswell use to make certain that Johnson would be present at the dinner mentioned? Give a report of the conversation, quoting it indirectly.
3. Write a short biographical note on : John Wilkes ; Sir Joshua Reynolds ; Jack Ketch.
4. Explain : honeyed words ; eve of publication ; finely-turned compliments.
5. Define the following terms : dupe, cynical asperity, obnoxious, disconcerted, reverie, symptom.
6. "My Friend the Dictionary." Compose an article with this title.

Boswell's Johnson.

1. What characters, besides Johnson, appear in "Boswell's Life of Johnson"? Write a short note on each of them.
2. What kind of man was Boswell? Show how his nature fitted him to be a great biographer.
3. What, in the author's opinion, are the qualities of a good biography?
4. This passage is highly figurative. Explain and illustrate this statement.

Jephthah's Daughter.

1. Read the Bible account of this incident and show how the poet elaborates it.

2. What glimpses do we get of the land of Palestine in the poem
3. What did Jephthah's daughter win for herself and her race by submitting to death?
4. Explain: the crested bird; hallowed Israel; that wild oath; a threefold cord of love.
5. Study and describe the metre, pointing out any peculiarity in it.
6. Explain: timbrel; grief became a solemn scorn of ills; thridding the sombre boskage.
7. In a few paragraphs express your opinion on "Rash Vows."

The Boyhood of Frederick the Great.

1. By what means does Macaulay make vivid the contrast between young Frederick and his father?
2. Who were Oliver Twist and Smike? Write a short note on each.
3. Explain the following words and phrases: heir apparent; infidels; metaphysicians; backgammon; refugees; moral code; court martial.
4. Give synonyms and antonyms (opposites) for: aversion, effeminate, nauseous, sumptuous.
5. The Prince in prison writes in his diary. Quote an extract from it expressing his thoughts on tyranny.

The Passing of Arthur.

1. In what ways has Tennyson elaborated Malory's account of the passing of Arthur? Give examples.
2. What is gained and what lost by the difference?
3. How can we gather from the two pieces that Malory's is much earlier than Tennyson's. Give proofs.
4. State, in your own words, Tennyson's thoughts on prayer.
5. Write short notes on: Excalibur, Merlin, Camelot, Avilion.
6. Write a short essay on "The Order of the Round Table."

Hyder Ali and the Carnatic.

1. Compare Macaulay's account of Hyder Ali's vengeance with Burke's and point out the main differences in their description of (1) Hyder Ali, (2) his descent on the Carnatic, and (3) the result.
2. Paraphrase the passage in which Burke speaks of the "plague of hunger."

Self-Aided Study

3. Burke "speaks" his description. What difference does this make in his treatment of the subject?
4. Give the meanings of: vigilance, implacable, incorrigible, predestinated, exigency, gl'acis, decorum, nauseous.
5. Write a dialogue between a Hindoo and an Englishman on "The British in India."

The Beauty of Grass.

1. Draw, on a large scale, a blade of grass, showing the details of colour and shape.
2. Ruskin finds the beauty of Grass in (1) its place in story; (2) the part it plays in the joys of the country; (3) its humility; (4) its cheerfulness. Summarise what he says on each of these points.
3. Make a list of the colour words used by Ruskin.
4. Write a short poem on Grass.

Ulysses' Farewell to the Cyclops.

1. Why does Ulysses withhold his name in his first taunt of the giant?
2. How does the poet contrive to give us an idea of the giant's strength?
3. How had Ulysses disfigured the eyeless face of Cyclop? Tell the story of what happened in the giant's cave.
4. Define the following words and phrases: ignoble, hospitable, refluant, concussion, what boots it? elate, winged omens of the air.
5. Relate, if you can, the main facts of the "Tale of Troy."

England in the Olden Days.

1. What checks were there on the abuse of hospitality in the old days? What led to the decay of hospitality?
2. What three things were hated most in the days of Merrie England? Can we say the same of our day?
3. Describe a day in the life of a Justice of the Peace of old.
4. State the main ideas underlying the guild system. Estimate the strength and weakness of the system.
5. How far do the old guilds still survive?
6. Summarise the events that led to the passing-away of mediæval customs.

7. What were: the abbey refectory; the baron's hall; the parish stocks; chivalry?
8. Find out all you can about the training of apprentices long ago, and write a story entitled "How I Served my Apprenticeship."

Oliver Cromwell.

1. What great qualities does Clarendon admit that Cromwell possessed? Summarise Clarendon's opinion of his faults.
2. Write out in simple language Milton's tribute to Cromwell.
3. Compare the form of this sonnet with the sonnets on Napoleon.
4. Give the substance of Carlyle's defence of Cromwell.
5. Define: humours, consistence, sagacity, subservient, refractory, dictates, detractions, trophies, man, hypocrisy, cant.
6. Write short notes on: The Humble Petition and Advice; Darwen; Dunbar; Worcester; Machiavel.
7. Discuss the statement that "History is the Biography of Great Men."

The Patriot.

1. Why is this called an Old Story? Give illustrations from history.
2. Describe in your own words the two occasions referred to by the speaker.
3. What consolation does the patriot find in his last moments?
4. Show that the rather irregular metre suits the strong feeling expressed.
5. Bring out the force of the following words and phrases: it was roses, roses all the way; myrtle mixed in my path like mad; the air broke into a mist with bells; a palsied few.
6. What was the cause of the patriot's loss of popularity? Quote the lines that describe his popularity when at its height.
7. Write a short essay on "The Fickleness of Popular Favour."

A Desert Journey.

1. Describe one of the following: a Caravanserai; a Bedouin; a camel being loaded; a camp in the sands; a desert sunset; a mirage.
2. What does the author say about the feeling of loneliness in the desert?

3. What is amusing in Kinglake's account of his meeting with an Englishman in the desert?
4. Imagine that Kinglake, on his return home, describes to friends some tricks of the desert. Quote what he says.
5. Write the autobiography of a camel.

Milton.

1. Prove from these sonnets that Milton was a deeply religious man. What lines show his kinship with the Puritans?
2. What is the spirit that breathes through Milton's sonnet on his blindness?
3. To Wordsworth Milton is both a great Englishman and a great poet. What makes him a great Englishman?
4. Paraphrase the lines in which Wordsworth attacks his own age. Was the attack justified?
5. Wherein does Wordsworth consider the greatness of Milton's poetry to lie?
6. Write a few thoughts on "The Limitations of Blindness, and how Milton Overcame them."

The Battle of Sedgemoor.

1. How did Monmouth's scouts fail him? What ill-fortune befell the rebels at the very start of the action?
2. Compare the parts played by the rebel cavalry and infantry.
3. What determined the issue of the day.
4. Give your opinion of Monmouth's flight.
5. Select the most picturesque touches in the narrative.
6. Write a short descriptive account under the title, "A Fugitive."
7. Draw a plan of the battle from Macaulay's description.

An Early Morning Adventure.

1. Pick out the technical terms and phrases connected with yachting and boating.
2. Compose sentences introducing correctly the words: Elysium, debris, furtive, sanctuary, *sotto voce*.
3. Make a list of the strange features of the house in which they found shelter.
4. Describe the part played in the comedy by the Cockatoo.
5. How does Maria add to the humour of the story?
6. Write a short mystery story on the subject, "The House with the Red Door."

The Taking of Constantinople.

1. Describe the Turks' method of attack and the Christians' method of defence. What were the main stages in the assault, and how did the besieged contribute to its success?
2. What great effect had the fall of Constantinople on Western Europe? Why has that city always been so important in history?
3. Rewrite the third paragraph in modern language and phrasing.
4. "East is East and West is West." Write an essay showing how the characteristics of Eastern and Western peoples are in a sense complementary.

A Petition for Justice.

1. What details does the poet introduce into the poem to give the Eastern atmosphere to it?
2. What was the heinous sin which the Moollah had committed?
3. Why was the sin treated lightly by the King and seriously by the Ulemas?
4. Write notes on : Moollah, mosque, Allah, Samarcand.
5. Describe in prose, or as a few additional stanzas, what you suppose the King said and did when the dead body of the Moollah was brought in.

Dogberry and the Watch.

1. What do we learn from this scene about the state of city streets in Shakespeare's time?
2. Dogberry and Verges are studies in the fatuous. Find from your dictionary the meaning of "fatuous" and show how far it describes the men.
3. Compare Dogberry and Verges.
4. The humour of these scenes springs largely from the misuse of words. Illustrate this. Do you know any other character in literature famed for misusing words?
5. Describe the exasperating effect of Dogberry on Leonato and Borachio.
6. Write an essay on "Little Comedies of Every Day."

Wealth.

1. What is Emerson's conception of wealth?
2. Explain the iron law of the Nation of a rich man? What is yours?
3. What is the author's definition?

Where Gold is Despised.

1. What method does More adopt to illustrate the Utopians contempt for gold? Is it a successful method?
2. On what grounds did the Utopians despise gold? Do they strike you as strong grounds?
3. Why is gold so important with us, in spite of the Utopians?
4. Write a description of Bartering in olden times.

General Work.

1. Show the difference of meaning in each of the following pairs of words: insolence, insult; momentarily, periodically; drowse, stupor; anger, frenzy.
2. Study the two elegies, *Oh Captain! My Captain* and *A Day that is Dead*, and point out in each case the cause of the poet's grief and the use made of the sea. Finally, show the difference in the form of stanza. Is there any difference in the kind of word employed?
3. Explain the following phrases: colonial expansion; a delicate question; to pride one's self; to gain a foothold; give-and-take; to let one down gently.
4. "*Revolving like a planet*"; "*colliding like a comet.*" Are the verbs well chosen?
5. "*What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us!*" Give a general and detailed analysis of this sentence, and parse the words in italics.
6. What common meaning have the following words: disaffection, sedition, treachery, mutiny, rebellion? Point out the shades of difference in meaning.
1. Pick out the appropriate words: a . . . of birds; a . . . of yachting and boating; a . . . of bees; a . . . of herring; 23)
2. Compose sentences in which a . . . of people; a . . . of girls; a debris, furtive, sanctuary.
3. Make a list of the strange things (23) in the form of a story. they found shelter. 2) in the form of a scene from a
4. Describe the part played in . . .
5. How does Maria add to the complex or compound sentences
6. Write a short mystery story on 240 beginning, "But the the Red Door." "lgwater."

11. Read the poem on p. 70 and select lines in which the same vowels or consonants are repeated. Why does the poet repeat sounds in this way?
12. Passage No. 3 (pp. 202-203) is regarded as one of the finest pieces of English prose. What do you think are the qualities that make it famous?
13. Why does Thackeray describe only the close of the Battle of Waterloo (pp. 137-139), and Macaulay the Battle of Sedgemoor in great detail (pp. 236-241)?
14. Form sentences using *as*, as a conjunction, an adverb, and a pronoun.
15. Mark Twain makes us laugh by exaggerating (pp. 9-19); Dickens makes us laugh by showing us two people at cross purposes (pp. 24-28); Mrs. Gaskell (pp. 29-38) and Shakespeare (pp. 266-279) by making characters speak absurdly. Give other illustrations of each of these kinds of humour.
16. Give the adjectives corresponding to: dog, cat, horse, cow; man, woman, child; house, garden.
17. Make short sentences to show the different parts of speech that each of the following may form:—but, till, well, iron, desert, side.
18. Explain the force of the prefix or suffix in each of the following words:—aside, royalty, twilight, adjust, richer, undone.
19. Form as many words as you can from:—friend, fortune, form, compete, repel, join.

Research Exercises.

1. "Mark Twain" was Samuel Clemens's pen-name. Try to find out where he got it. Look under the letter P in your dictionary for the long word that means pen-name.
2. Collect all the references in the book to Dr. Johnson and compose them to form an essay on his life and character.
3. Draw a map showing approximately the course of Columbus's voyage and how it was affected by the threatened mutiny.
4. Make a note of the different metres used in the poems given. Take two of the poems and rewrite them, interchanging the metres.
5. Point out examples of colloquial (*i.e.* conversational), Cockney, American, and pedantic (*i.e.* big) words to be found in the foregoing pages.
6. Make a rough map and plot out the line of flight described in *An Escape from Omdurman* (pp. 81-95).

7. Compare Macaulay (pp. 181-3) and Carlyle (pp. 209-10), and show how they differ in the kind of words they employ and in the way they build their sentences.
8. Read the three Sonnets on pp. 234-5 and find out how far they are alike in number of lines, metre, and rhyme-scheme. Do you notice any other resemblances?
9. Select from this book examples of simile or metaphor that add to the beauty of the style, or make the meaning clearer, or amuse us. (*E.g.* beauty, p. 177, line 9; clearness, p. 112, line 5; humour, p. 11, line 12.)
10. Read pp. 39-42 and pp. 195-203 and find out what is said about the life of the poor in mediæval times.
11. Read pp. 81-95 and pp. 213-233 and make a list of the dangers and difficulties of travel in the desert.
12. Read pp. 58-62 and pp. 72-79 and point out the things in people at which the authors poke fun.
13. Study closely the various pictures in this book and in each case describe the central subject and the details, dress and furniture, etc., arranged around it.
14. Describe the coloured picture which most appeals to you.
15. Point out the beauty and wonder of the colouring in the two Turner pictures in the frontispiece and at p. 122.
16. Study appropriate illustrations throughout the book, and describe the differences in dress worn at various periods in our history.
17. How far has the artist succeeded in expressing the humour of the text in the picture on p. 17?
18. Search the book for examples of the following: compound nouns, compound adjectives; words borrowed from Italian, French, Latin; obsolete words (that is, words no longer in use); technical words (that is, words relating to special trades or professions).
19. "Poets do not write complex sentences." Study one or two of the poems given, and note how far the statement is accurate.
20. The extracts by Ruskin and Emerson are very characteristic of the authors. Show how their manner of writing differs, and point out the leading features of style in each case.
21. Find out and name all the different forms—sonnet, ballad, etc.—a poem may take. Then classify the fourteen poetical extracts contained in this book.